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Dance and Dancers

SEPTEMBER 1957

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Personality of the month

ANDRÉE HOWARD

THINK of British ballet as Aurora, with Prince De Valois Florimund, Tutor Rambert Gallison, and Dolin/Catalabutte. Think of the Fairies who bestowed their blessings on the infant Princess, ranging from Lilac Fairy Ashton to that spiteful, old reactionary Carabosse, the personification of all ballet critics. Now look closely at the presents all these choreographer-fairies are giving to the infant Princess. One of them is shyly offering the precious gift of sensitivity —and that one is Andrée Howard.

Since she created her first ballet, a new version of *Our Lady's Juggler* in 1933, she has choreographed over 30 ballets for just about every company in the country, the only major exception being London's Festival Ballet. Nevertheless, most of her work has been for the Ballet Rambert, with whom she was originally a valued dancer, in its early Ballet Club days. For the past couple of years or so her reputation had slightly faded, and her ballets began to drop out of British repertories. This summer, however, the Royal Ballet has restored her masterpiece, *La Fête Etrange*, to its repertory, and the Ballet Rambert has produced a new work, *Conte Fantastique*. There is also the possibility that *Veneziana* will be revived at Covent Garden during the Christmas season.

All this news is encouraging, for our ballet companies can ill afford to neglect a talent that has produced some of British ballet's most poetic work. As a choreographer Howard stands somewhere between Ashton and Tudor, possessing some of the qualities of each. Her ballets, with their dual preoccupation with character and fantasy, have a shrewd vein of theatricality running through them. But it is the sensitivity of her vision that gives Andrée Howard a special place among our choreographers, and has enabled her to create the unhappy trio of young lovers in *La Fête Etrange*, the tormented Girl in *Mardi Gras*, Tulip in *The Sailor's Return*, the vulpine Mrs. Tebrick in *Lady into Fox*. With Howard, dancing is never an end in itself, but only a beginning. It is a beginning that we cannot be reminded of too often.

September 1957 8th YEAR OF PUBLICATION Vol. 8 No. 9

Dance and Dancers

Editor: PETER WILLIAMS *Assistant Editor:* CLIVE A. BARNES
WORLD'S LARGEST SALE IN THE FIELD

British triumph in new field

ON the night of August 3, in a sombre and stuffy room in the Casino at Aix-les-Bains, 20 people sat with serious expressions on their faces. This chosen 20—including famous personalities of the dance, critics, teachers and artists—were making a solemn decision as to whom to award the first prize for the best of the six works specially created for the first International Competition of Young Choreographers. America, England, France and Germany were represented in the competition. As to the first prize, the judges were almost unanimous; and England, represented by Deryk Mendel's *Epithalame*, gained an overwhelming majority of votes.

What was interesting in this highly satisfactory conclusion was that Mendel, at one time a member of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, and since then a dancer in several mainly classical companies, had created a work of considerable beauty in an idiom in which British choreographers have not so far excelled—Modern Dance technique. What is more, *Epithalame* integrated its elements—music by Olivier Messiaen, designs of Imai and Mendel's choreography, production and lighting—so beautifully that it added up to one of the most complete dance works seen for some time.

In the past few years British choreographers have won laurels all over the civilised dancing world; but that one should be acclaimed as a Modern Dance choreographer is as surprising as it is gratifying. Unfortunately, there is in Britain no permanent company or organisation that can do much to encourage and cherish its new choreographic son. We can applaud this British victory, but we can do nothing about it, and the loss is ours. Mendel's future as a choreographer lies on the mainland of Europe and in America. England remains an island.

There have been many attempts to form Modern Dance groups in England, but mainly owing to lack of money and public support, they have dwindled and then petered out. The visit of Martha Graham, a few years ago, acted as a great stimulus, and possibly the visit of José Limón will re-ignite the spark. Unfortunately these visits of notable Modern Dance companies are too infrequent to build up the public that quite obviously exists in England. The time has come, therefore, for England to give its serious attention to forming a major, thoroughly professional, Modern Dance company which, in its own field, can eventually rise to the importance of the Royal Ballet. In the past we had no eminent choreographer to start the ball rolling. Now, it seems, we have. After all, most eminent companies were built upon choreographers—Diaghilev had Fokine; Marie Rambert had Ashton Tudor and Howard; Sadler's Wells had de Valois and Ashton; New York City Ballet had Balanchine. Where, one wonders, would ballet in Russia be without Petipa and Ivanov, or in Denmark without Bournonville? All honour, then, to Aix-les-Bains for having brought to light a new choreographer for Britain. Let us hope that Britain takes advantage of the gift.

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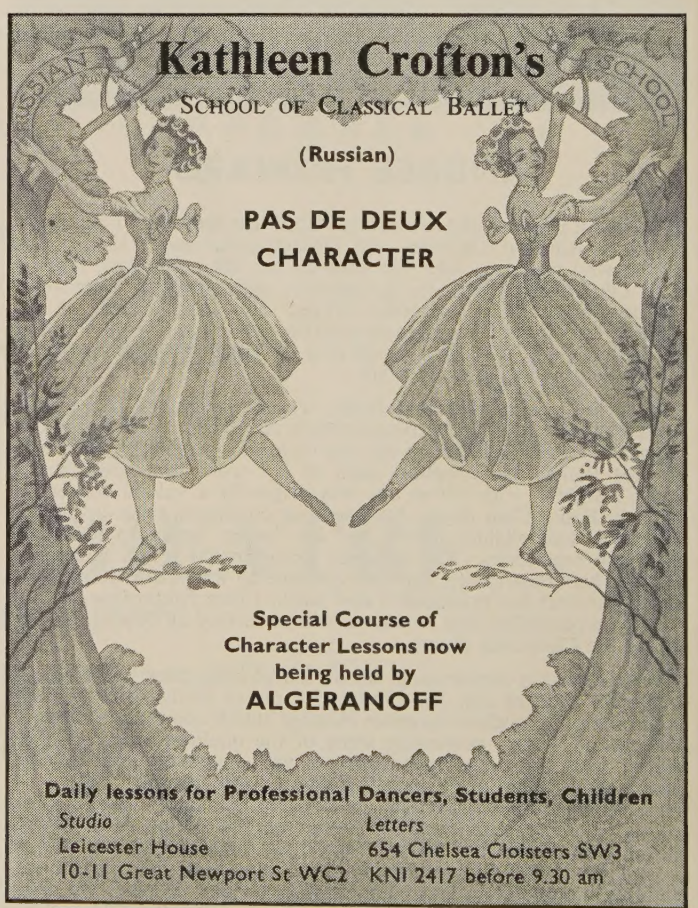


SPAIN INVADES LONDON: I

Pilar Lopez returns

FOR the fourth time Pilar Lopez returns to London with her company. To the Palace Theatre she brings an almost entirely new company and a number of new creations. Ballet Español was created by the great Argentinita and was the first integrated company which presented the various facets of Spanish dancing in theatrical form. When Argentinita died in 1945, her sister Pilar Lopez carried on the company. She preserved her sister's work in the same spirit in which the company was originally created. The dance of Spain owes a great debt of gratitude to the sisters Lopez because almost every one of the many companies which have since left Spain and toured the world would probably have not existed had it not been for the pioneering of the two sisters.

In much the same way as Marie Rambert pioneered ballet in England, so did these two remarkable women pioneer in Spain. Another parallel arises in the fact that none of these people has really been given the credit due to them. Pilar Lopez gave Spanish theatrical dance its style, she gave it dignity and she had no time for the noise and clatter which so many people frequently mistake for being the true dance of Spain. She has formed dancers and given them authority and when these dancers passed out of her orbit they have had just cause to be grateful for the training they received from her. Not all of them, unfortunately, are willing to acknowledge this fact, but no dancer who was ever connected with Ballet Espagñol has emerged from it anything other than an infinitely better dancer.

This great style is apparent in Pilar Lopez's every appearance on the stage—her beautiful arms, the carriage of the upper part of her body and her meticulous footwork. In addition she has a unique personality which shines through all her work, whether it be in the solemn grandeur of flamenco dances or in the mischievous charm of regional dances.

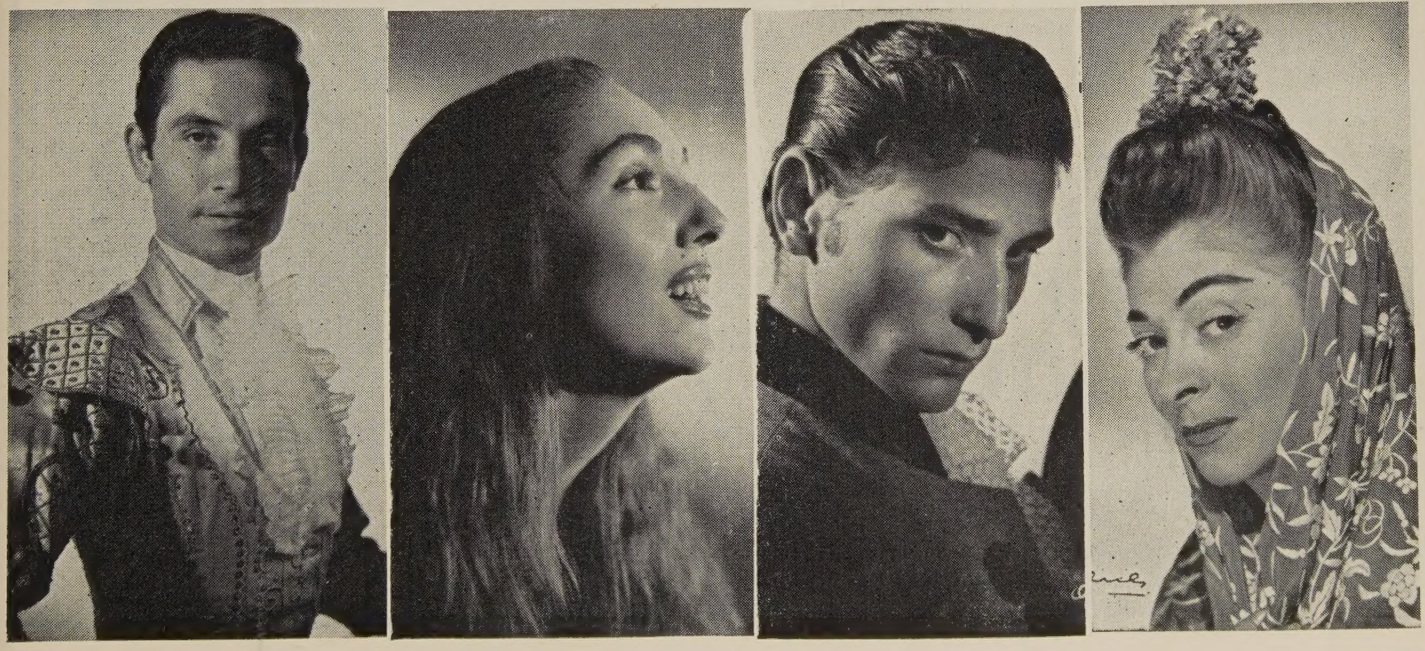
Today she has an almost entirely new company and will be partnered by that fine artist Alberto Portillo, who was at one time a student at the Royal Ballet School. Another principal male dancer is Antonio Gades, who was a minor member of the company when Pilar Lopez was last at the Palace Theatre two years ago. Dorita Ruiz was one of the original members of Ballet Español and has been a most valuable artist in the company ever since. Another principal dancer, Nana Lorca, is new to London as also are Curro Velez, Elvira Cristobal, Mario Maya, Maria Luisa Montoro, Paco de Alba, Antonia del Puerto and Eduardo Serrano.

Of the eight numbers new to London, *Suite Española* is the most important. This suite includes dances from seven regions of Spain—Galicia, the Basque country, Valencia, Castile, Asturias, Catalonia and Aragon. It thus takes in most of the important dance regions in the north of Spain. Of the major revivals the most notable are Joaquim Rodrigo's *Concierto de Aranjuez* (depicting evening, night and day in the gardens of Aranjuez) and *Madrid Flamenco* which shows typical scenes and incidents in Madrid at the end of the last century.

PILAR LOPEZ in Puenta de Triana *Photo. Imperio de Reding*

Some Principals of Ballet Espanol photographed by Geynes

ALBERTO PORTILLO *NANA LORCA* *ANTONIO GADES* *DORITA RUIZ*



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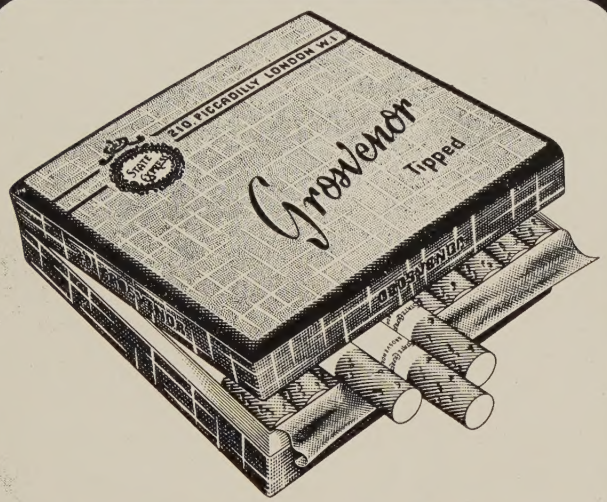

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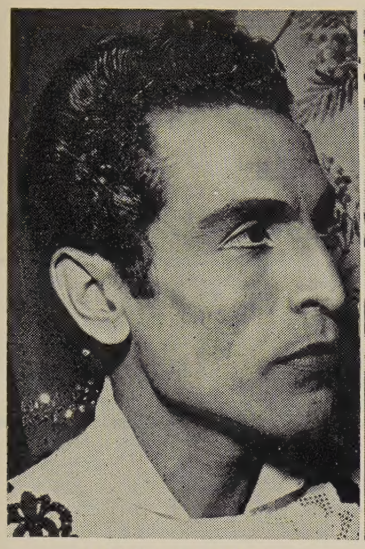

ROBERTO XIMENEZ

ANA MERCEDES

MANOLO VARGAS

VICTORIA SALCEDO

SPAIN INVADES LONDON: 2

Ximenez-Vargas

THE Ximenez-Vargas season at Sadler's Wells was announced some months ago. Then by strange coincidence, or by impresario inattention, the Pilar Lopez Ballet Español was suddenly announced for a season at the Palace Theatre. Therefore while Pilar Lopez is appearing in one theatre, the group headed by two of her previous leading dancers will be showing further up the road.

While it seems a pity that two Spanish companies of a rather similar type should be playing in central London at the same time, it should make an interesting experience—as well as a very pleasant one—to judge just how much Pilar Lopez has influenced Spanish theatrical dancing by seeing her company first and then going to see the group formed by Roberto Ximenez and Manolo Vargas. As the Lopez company opens a week before the other, this should be perfectly possible.

During the first two London seasons of Pilar Lopez's company, these two dancers of Mexican origin were the male stars. Two years ago they left to form their own group, which has successfully been touring Europe and has also played in Dublin several times. At Easter last year, they danced for the first time in England as a company on BBC television.

Since that time they have enlarged the company and appeared in Paris in February of this year (the season was fully reviewed in April number of DANCE AND DANCERS). The programme to be shown in London will be similar to that one.

Ximenez is a very fine technician, while Vargas is an extremely sensitive artist. Though the company they formed inevitably bears the stamp of Pilar Lopez, the programme they give is very different. Particularly interesting is the suite of dances from South America. Their company is very elegant and in the two principal girls—Ana Mercedes and Victoria Salcedo—they have two undoubted stars of the Spanish dance.

Whether London can support two Spanish dance companies at the same time remains to be seen; but it is to be sincerely hoped that it can, for London has the reputation of being the capital which best understands the dances of Spain.

CAFE FLAMENCO (*above*): *Fina Vivo* (*flamenco singer*), *Salcedo, Ximenez, Mercedes and Vargas in a* Cuadro flamenco. (*Below*) *Vargas and Ximenez in another flamenco dance.*

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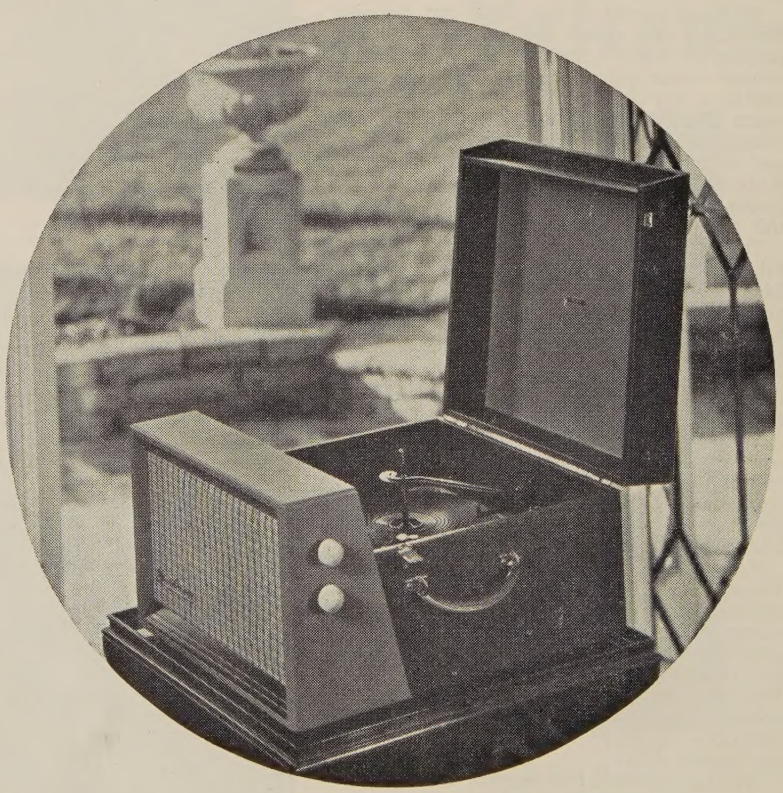

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Transatlantic Exchange: LIMON FOR LONDON

by ARTHUR TODD

Britain sends the Royal Ballet to America; America sends us its Modern dancer, José Limón, and his company. During the first half of September, Britain will get its first chance of seeing one of the outstanding dancers of our time at the Sadler's Wells Theatre.

A few years ago, Britain saw that other outstanding personality of the American Modern Dance—Martha Graham. Now we have the opportunity of seeing the male pioneer of this dance movement. Here is the story of José Limón and a guide to what he will show in London and on his first European tour.

DISCUSSION: José Limón, famous Modern dancer and choreographer, discusses rehearsal problems with his artistic director, Doris Humphrey. One of America's dance pioneers, both as performer and choreographer, Humphrey retired about 10 years ago. Since then she has collaborated as artistic director and choreographer with the Limón company. She is accompanying the company on its European tour.

BY a most interesting coincidence, José Limón and his Dance Company start their series of European engagements with a two-week season at Sadler's Wells Theatre in London on September 3, just five days before the Royal Ballet opens its tour at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. One hopes that this important dance event in London will serve as a hands-across-the-sea gesture of returning thanks from America, since at home, as John Martin of the *New York Times* describes him, "José Limón is beyond question the outstanding male dancer in the field."

Though Mexican born (he was brought to the United States at the age of seven by his politically exiled family, grew up in California, became an American citizen and served in the army during World War II), José Limón is considered, artistically, to be a third generation American dancer because his dance heritage stems directly from the famous Humphrey-Weidman Company, from where it may be traced to the Denishawn Company.

This company of Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn, which nurtured Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman as well as Martha Graham during the early 1920's, served as an artistic springboard for these three brilliant dancers, who went on to innovate and develop what is now accepted and known as "modern dance" in America today.

Interestingly enough, my own first view of modern dance was when I saw José Limón and Letitia Ide dancing in Charles Weidman's exciting *Heat Wave* and *Revolt in Cuba* numbers in the Irving Berlin musical, *As Thousands Cheer*, starring Marilyn Miller and Clifton Webb, more than two decades ago. At that time I did not know what modern dance was, nor what it was about. All I knew, however, was that this was something wonderfully new, vital and exciting, and it seemed a magnificent way for Americans to dance.

RITMO JONDO (*Deep Rhythm*): *Limón and Pauline Koner in Doris Humphrey's work, to Carlos Surinach music, which is freely based on Spanish characteristics — of men, of women, of meeting and parting —without any attempt at authenticity.*

A few years later, at the suggestion of John Martin, I started studying at the famous Humphrey-Weidman studio theatre. During the week we took classes with Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman. Pauline Lawrence (now Mrs. José Limón) often played accompaniment for our classes, collected the fees, booked out-of-town tours for the company, managed the publicity and otherwise spent her spare time creating marvellous new costumes for the works that were presented in the studio theatre by the professional company every Saturday and Sunday during the season.

It was then that we, the students, came to worship our idols close by, when every dance critic of note attended each première and when the balance of the tiny theatre was filled by outstanding figures in the worlds of art, music and the theatre. During this wonderful period from 1939 to 1942, I remember most clearly the lyricism and suavity of Doris Humphrey's own dance style as well as the free and flowing movement in her large-scale works. While she was dancing, as a matter of fact, I preferred her dancing to that of anyone else in the field. I also have a vivid recollection of José Limón, who was then dancing superbly giving full promise of the great artist he was to become.

When Limón returned from his army service, he opened his own studio and school, and like many others I naturally gravitated there, too, and spent three years studying with him. Those of us then in the school will always remember the date of January 5, 1947, for it was on this evening that he and his new company made their Broadway première at the Belasco Theatre. Doris Humphrey, though then pre-

THE MOOR'S PAVANE; *Pauline Koner, Lucas Hoving, José Limón and Betty Jones in Limón's work, to Purcell music, which is a distillation of the basic plot of* Othello. *In the form of a pavane they convey the tragedy of a man caught up in conspiracy and jealousy.*

maturely retired from dancing because of an untimely hip affliction, was responsible for *Lament for Ignacio Sanchez Mejias*, a major new lyric theatre work combining speech, dance and music.

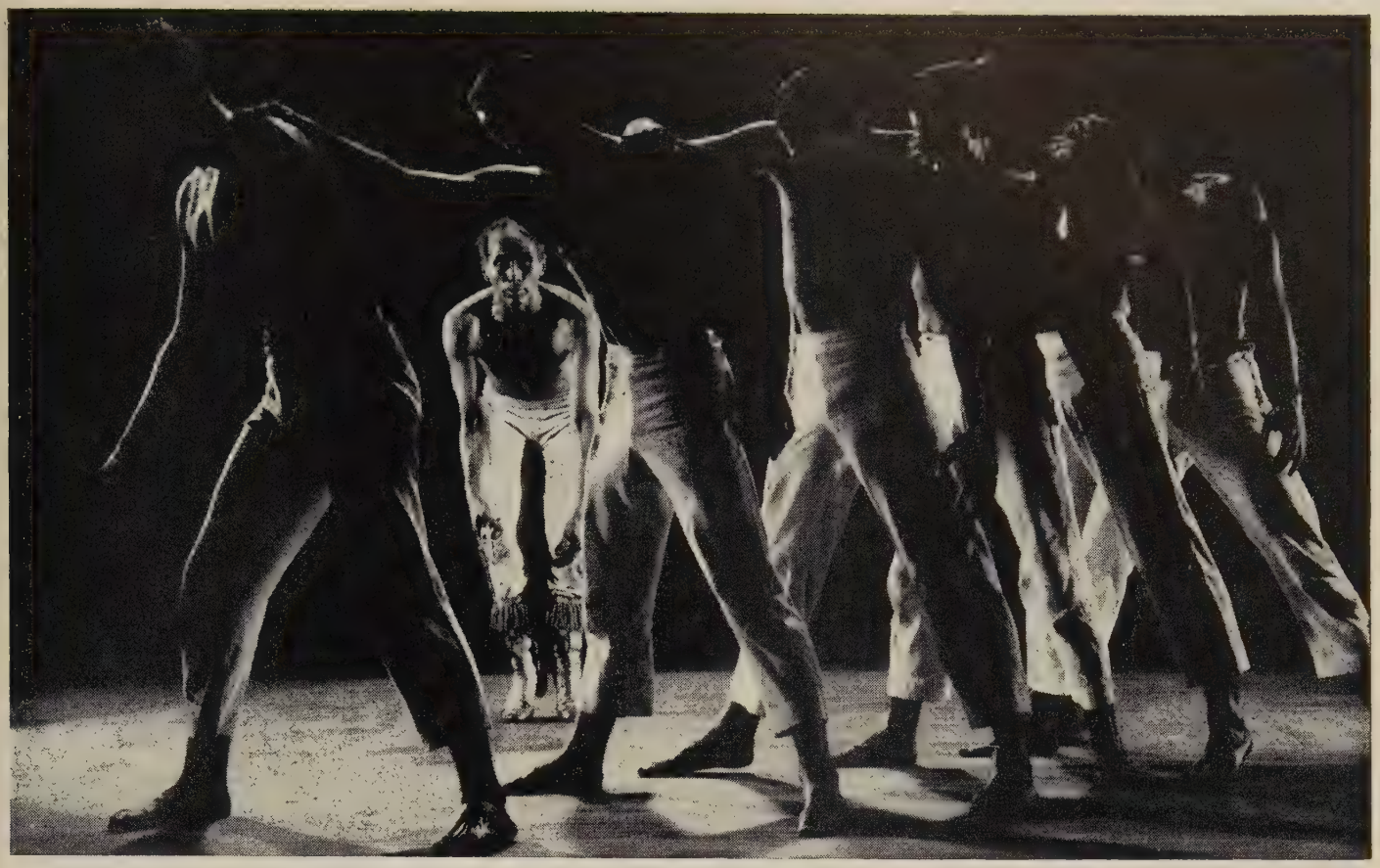
All of the American dance world was on hand that night, and the next day's press verified the fact that a new star, an important work and a wonderful new company had arrived on the scene. Soon, José Limón and his company, with Doris Humphrey as artistic director, were honoured guests of the Mexican Government, and their series of dance concerts in Mexico City created an artistic sensation. The same held true when the Limón company toured South America in 1954 under International-Exchange-AMTA auspices. Since then the company has appeared in most major cities in America and Canada, and has, in addition, performed with great success on television and in two dance films.

Although some of the neo-classic forms of contemporary ballet in America have been criticised for being "plotless" and "abstract," this does not hold true of the dance works in the repertoire of the Limón company. London audiences will find that Humphrey's and Limón's creative concept of dance production is never literal. Rather, the majority of their works have a point of inspiration in the writings of the Bible, Shakespeare, Milton, Garcia Lorca, Stephen Spender, Eugene O'Neill or Tennessee Williams. Music, similarly, plays a vital rôle in these productions, which employ the scores of such past and present masters as Purcell, Vivaldi, Benjamin Britten, Arnold Schoenberg, Aaron Copland, Norman Dello Joio, Heitor Villa Lobos, William Schuman, Paul Creston, Norman Lloyd, Wallingford Riegger, Paul Bowles, Carlos Surinach and Priaulx Ranier.

Neither pictures nor words do full justice to the commanding power and dignity of José Limón's dancing. First of all he is blessed with a magnificently disciplined body. Equally importantly he moves superbly, and in a totally masculine manner. In his appearance and bearing he has often been compared with Igor Youskevitch, though this is manifestly unfair to each of these stellar dancers, since their techniques and approaches to dance are entirely dissimilar. Nevertheless, something of Youskevitch's grandeur, elegance and bearing are also

LA MALINCHE; *Pauline Koner, as El Indio, and Limón as Malinche, in work based on the Spanish conquest of Mexico. To music of Norman Lloyd, the work, part legend and part historical, tells of the Indian Princess who betrayed her people but returned after death to lead them in the revolt to freedom.*

NIGHT SPELL; *Lucas Hoving, Ruth Currier and Betty Jones in Doris Humphrey's work to Priaulx Ranier music. These three represent the Night Figures in a Sleeper's dream; they torment the Sleeper who tries to fight his way towards waking. The work is a conflict between love and fear enacted within the unconscious.*



present in Limón, both in his dancing and his choreography.

No doubt both the poise and the passion of his dance stem from his Mexican heritage. Other influences, too, have moulded and shaped his dance perfection. First and foremost of these, of course, was his decade or more of schooling and appearances as a soloist in the Humphrey-Weidman Company. Then, also, there is his innate musicality (he plays Bach and Vivaldi equally well on both the organ and the piano), his comprehensive knowledge of art (he first wanted to become an artist before he decided on dancing), and his omnivorous reading.

Early in his career he danced with great success in Broadway productions such as *Roberta* and *I'd Rather Be Right*. Later, in addition to teaching in his own school, he has conducted classes at Mills College, Sarah Lawrence College, Temple University, the University of Pittsburgh and the University of California. Before sailing for London with his company, he taught and appeared at the tenth anniversary of the Connecticut College School of the Dance at New London. Interestingly enough, he is the only dancer who has appeared in every season of the now historic Bennington College Festivals, as well as the American Dance Festival series at New London. At the time of writing, Limón is choreographing a new work for Ruth Currier that is based on Tennessee William's *The Glass Menagerie*, set to music by Paul Bowles. Meanwhile, Doris Humphrey is composing a new dance for the company, to a score by Paul Creston that later will serve as an opening number in the European programmes.

Fourteen notable works composed by José Limón and Doris Humphrey will make up the main part of the company's repertoire in London. Included in the opening night programme will be Doris Humphrey's magnificent *Variations and Conclusions* from *New Dance*, to music by Wallingford Riegger.

EMPEROR JONES: *Two pictures from Limón's work, to Villa-Lobos music, based on the play by Eugene O'Neill.*

(Above) Six men in the ensemble who represent the visions and hallucinations of Jones. In his racial memories he goes back to the time when he was in a chain-gang.

(Right) Lucas Hoving, as The White man, taunting the Emperor Jones (José Limón) towards the end of the ballet. The swaggering tyrant is finally reduced to a grovelling and pitiful figure.

CONCERTO GROSSO: *Betty Jones, José Limón and Ruth Currier in Limón's work to Vivaldi's* Concerto Grosso in D Minor. *The baroque beauty of Vivaldi's score has inspired three choreographic inventions—a formal fugue for three voices, a half-mournful ritual and a spirited finale.*

Choreographed in 1935, it is a taut and streamlined work, with a whirling climax and finale. Also there will be Doris Humphrey's glowing *Day On Earth*, an affirmative dance of the life cycle, created in 1947 to Aaron Copland's Sonata; also Doris Humphrey's *Ritmo Jondo* (Deep Rythm), created in 1953 to music by Carlos Surinach, a ballet freely based on Spanish characteristics. Finally there will be José Limón's superb *The Moor's Pavane* (1949), variations on the theme of *Othello*, set to the music of Henry Purcell. Incidentally, this ballet won *Dance Magazine's* 1949 award for the outstanding creation in the field of modern American dance.

Of the 10 other works to be seen during the London season, seven are by Limón and three are by Doris Humphrey. Among Limón's works are *La Malinche* (1949), a dance about the conquest of Mexico to music by Norman Lloyd; *Scherzo* (1955), a stunning composition for four men set to a percussion score by Hazel Johnson; *There is a Time* (1956), based on selections from the Bible, and one of the most lyrical of his compositions. This last work was commissioned by the Juilliard Music Foundation for the Festival of American Music, and Norman Dello Joio's score for it was awarded the 1957 Pulitzer Prize for Music. *Concerto Grosso in D Minor* is set to that particular Vivaldi work; while *Emperor Jones*, based on the play by Eugene O'Neill, uses a score by Heitor Villa-Lobos. *The Exiles* (1950), dealing with the expulsion from Paradise, is set to Arnold Schoenberg's Chamber Symphony No. 2, Op. 38. *The Traitor* (1954) is a contemporary presentation of the Judas Iscariot theme to a score by Gustave Schuller.

Last, but by no means least, are Doris Humphrey's *Lament For Ignacio Sanchez Mejias* (1947), based on the Lorca poem and set to music by Norman Lloyd; *Night Spell* (1951), to music by Priaulx Ranier; and *Ruins and Visions* (1953), based on quotations from Stephen Spender and set to music by Benjamin Britten.

Appearing with Limón will be some of the finest dancers in the American modern dance field. Pauline Koner, whose principal dance education was with Michel Fokine and who first became a guest artist in this company a decade ago, appears as the female lead in the current repertoire. Then there is Lucas Hoving, who was born in the Netherlands and was formerly a member of the Jooss Ballet, and has since studied in the United States with Martha Graham and Louis Horst. He was a member of Valerie Bettis' Dance Company before joining forces with Limón. Lavinia Nielsen, like her husband Lucas Hoving, was a member of the Jooss Ballet, too, and studied previously with Martha Graham and Doris Humphrey. Betty Jones studied at Jacob's Pillow and was in the Broadway musical *Bloomer Girl* before joining the company. Ruth Currier and Lucy Venable made their initial appearances in this present group, when the magnificent Letitia Ide came to it after being a soloist in the Humphrey-Weidman company, as well as in a series of Broadway musicals. Other dancers are Lola Ruth, Michael Hollander, Harlan McCallum, Chester Wolenski, Ronald Chase, Kenneth Bartmess and Vol Quitzow.

Musical director for the company is Simon Sadoff, who was assistant conductor for the New York City Ballet on its tours of Europe, and musical director for Martha Graham when she danced in Europe in 1954. Last but not least is Pauline Lawrence Limón, Limón's wife. Though she will not be seen on stage, her influence will be noted, because she is responsible for the design of all of the costumes in the repertoire, and is also her husband's personal representative and business manager. Before this, as mentioned previously, she served a like function in the Humphrey-Weidman company, and before that was a young dancer in the Denishawn Company, while Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman were with it, so she serves as an outstanding example of the continuity of the main stream of American dance.

Doris Humphrey once said to me: "There is no formulative theory for dance as there is for music, painting, or literature. There are no books of compositions, nor is there any way of studying the subject as there is in painting. The modern dance is essentially a creative dance, and my whole approach to the subject has been the discarding of traditional steps. This may appear arbitrary or random, but it was necessary in order to make a dance that suited our own time. This dance is concerned with what the body is and does, and its emotionally basic categories." This dance is a new dance, an American dance, and it speaks affirmatively with dignity and beauty. Since dance knows no language barriers, we in America believe that it will be understood and appreciated by our cousins in Britain, Europe and the Near East, just as it has been throughout the length and breadth of the United States, Mexico and South America.

THE VISITATION: *Limón and Pauline Koner in Limón's work, to Arnold Schoenberg music, based on a story of the Annunciation. A carpenter and his wife are visited by a heavenly messenger who foretells the birth of Christ. The serenity of their lives is shattered until they finally come to accept their destiny.*

High Drama in French Ballet

At least three of the four works given by Le Ballet Théâtre de Maurice Béjart, in the first programme of their recent season, were extremely dramatic. The Paris season of this company opened at the Théâtre Marigny on June 19.

by PETER WILLIAMS

ABOUT 10 years ago, Roland Petit had his first season of Ballets de Paris at Madame Simonne Volterra's charming pavilion shaded by the chestnut trees of the Champs-Elysées—the Théâtre Marigny. Here it was that Margot Fonteyn, Petit's guest ballerina, first brought Paris to her feet, dancing away from her home company for the first time. Although Paris had already seen Fonteyn as the not yet fully-fledged ballerina when a few years previously she danced with the Sadler's Wells Ballet at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées, it was at the Marigny that it can be said that she really came of age as the ballerina we now know. Future historians will declare that it was at this point that the real Fonteyn emerged in *Les Demoiselles de la Nuit*; her appearance also set the seal on the success of Ballets de Paris.

Since those days, the Marigny has enjoyed many triumphs, notably that of Jean-Louis Barrault's company. And what a delightful theatre this is for small ballet companies! Its round scarlet auditorium is not large, but the intimate atmosphere it creates is exciting. Stand on the steps of the entrance and look out and you get the impression of a ducal folly hidden deep in a Carzou forest. Somehow the roar of the nearby Champs-Elysées traffic goes unheard, and should a wild duck suddenly take to flight or a deer saunter through the trees it would not be surprising.

In this theatre Le Ballet Théâtre de Maurice Béjart gave its first season in June which was extended well into July. Under another title the group, then much smaller, had given a season last year at the Théâtre de L'Etoile. Now the company has become a far more integrated group and, if the first programme is any criterion, it should continue from strength to strength.

Paris, unlike London, delights in telling one derogatory things about any stage spectacle one is about to see, which doesn't help to put one in the right mood. Too monotonous and too depressing, they all said about this company. Swilling down a cognac, I steeled myself for a gloomy evening. This proved unnecessary because, even if the whole performance could hardly be called gay and cheerful, it was, nevertheless, most stimulating and absorbing. At the end, I was left with the, to me, remarkable sensation of "having seen something." What is more, I found myself thinking about it long after many another evening had been spent witnessing spectacles of a more elaborate but far less memorable nature.

Of course there is no doubt that a great deal of suffering goes on—there is hardly a work in the repertoire which does not contain long passages of it. Frankly, each of the four works I saw would be shown to better advantage if given separately in a programme of works by various choreographers. In the early days of the Diaghilev Ballet it was possible to show a whole evening of Fokine ballets. But then they have such an infinite variety that, in those days, it all came as a great novelty. Today, apart from full-evening ballets, I don't really think it is possible to show a whole programme by only one choreographer. It is in this respect that New York City Ballet still fails—a whole programme of works by someone even as great as Balanchine tends to monotony.

The programmes of Ballet Théâtre de Maurice Béjart use entirely "canned" music, though, oddly enough, it is so well reproduced that it never becomes disagreeable—definitely less so than "live" music performed by indifferent players. Somehow the music and the *concrète* noises seem to come from all parts of the theatre, so that they form as effective an accompaniment as stereophonic sound in films.

The programme opened with the only work not by Béjart:

L'Arbre Rouge

(The Red Tree)

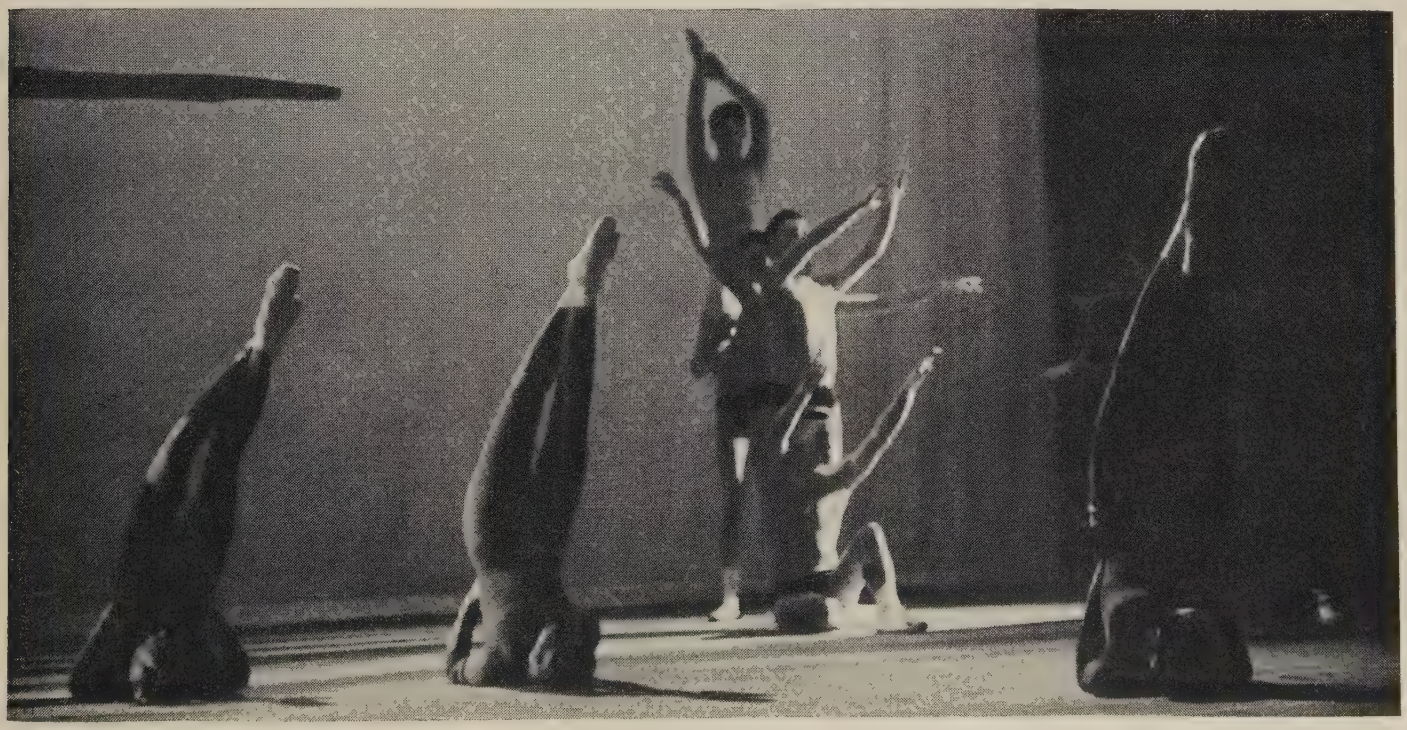
First given by Le Ballet Théâtre de Maurice Béjart at the Théâtre de Marigny, Paris, on June 19, 1957. Choreography by Dick Sanders. Designed by Marta Pan. Music by Boris Blacher.

NICOLE AMIGUES ARIEL AUCLERC, TANIA BARI, TESSA BEAUMONT, GENEVIEVE CASILE, MICHELE SEIGNEURET, MATHE SOUVERBIE, CATHERINE VERNEUIL, ADOLFO ANDRADE, JEAN CANO, ANTONIO CANA, JEAN CAZENAVE, DIETER CLAAS, INDA PARDINA.

THERE was, presumably, some reason for calling this work *L'Arbre Rouge*, but apart from a very stylised, blasted-looking, faintly arboreal construction which dominated the front of the stage, there seemed to be no other point to the title. Perhaps it was that the tree had certain properties which caused the dancers to twitch, turn and leap as though they had St. Vitus' Dance. Anyway, whatever it was, the work, "actionwise," as Americans say, was most energetic.

A great deal of the movement was extremely original and these dancers certainly gave it all they possibly could. But even in ballets of an abstract nature, I feel that a mood or some kind of emotion must be created and here only energy and violence were apparent. Admiring as I do much of Sanders' choreo-

L'ARBRE ROUGE: *Dancers of Ballet Théâtre de Maurice Béjart in one of the interesting groups in the Dick Sanders' ballet which opened the recent programme at the Théâtre Marigny in Paris.* *Photo: Lido*



SONATE A TROIS: *Two movements from Béjart's ballet based on* Huis Clos *by Jean-Paul Sartre. (Above) Béjart, standing; Tania Bari on the floor; Michèle Seigneuret on the chair. (Below) Tania Bari on the shoulder of Béjart looking at Seigneuret.* *Photo: Lido*

graphy, I did not feel that this recent work was half as successful as his *L'Echelle*, which the Miskovitch group gave recently in Monte Carlo

Dick Sanders is obviously a creator with a lot to say, but I think that he is apt to gabble it out too much. How much better this work would have been with more punctuation, more breathing space and more moments of repose! And how difficult are these plotless works to construct! The fact that there is no "book" or "story" to discipline choreographers into certain grooves makes them feel that they have to use up every second in dance. In actual fact a plotless work needs far greater construction because the steps have to be worked out to create a dramatic impact, in much the same way that a good playwright builds up his climaxes to his final curtain.

In one way the ballet achieved its purpose because as a programme-opener it jerked an apathetic audience on to the edge of their seats and prepared them for what was to follow.

There is an undoubted choreographic talent here but I think that Sanders is now at the stage when he should learn to eliminate certain woolly ideas and highlight his considerable inventive talent. Better still if, for the time at any rate, he submitted to the discipline of a definite theme or story.

The music of Boris Blacher was yet another set of variations on the Paganini theme used by Brahms and Rachmaninov for theirs. It was well played, on records, by the RIAS Symphony Orchestra of Berlin.

I very much doubt the wisdom of the designer Marta Pan for putting the only real piece of scenery down-stage centre. It was terribly distracting and the whole time I expected to hear a shriek from a dancer who had impaled an eye on one of the branches.

The dancing of the group throughout this work was technically very polished and immediately gave an impression of a thoroughly professional company who had rehearsed well.

Sonate À Trois

Ballet by Maurice Béjart inspired by *Huis Clos* of Jean-Paul Sartre. Music by Béla Bartók (Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion). Costumes by Heinrich Bert.

Cast

MICHELE SEIGNEURET
TANIA BARI MAURICE BÉJART

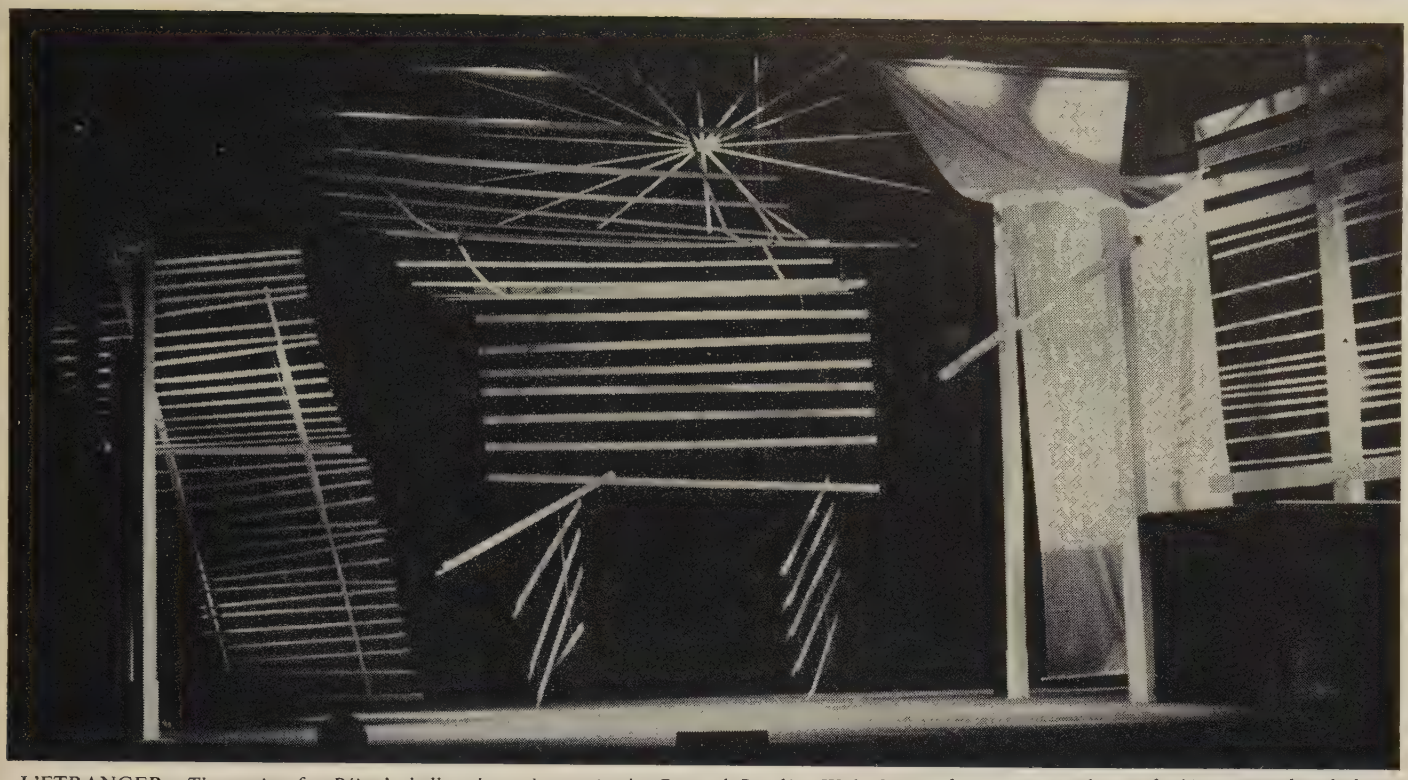
TWO women and a man are shut up for eternity in a hotel room. They no longer belong to the world of living people. Their three solitudes, peopled by distress, sordid confessions and unrealisable desires, become a hell for the damned.

Between them all love is impossible. The trio will never be able to become a duo.

HELL has its fascinations. In the past, painters have delighted in swirling routs of devils, demons and hideously mis-shapen monsters prodding and tormenting the damned who still, under such duress, seem to achieve a certain amount of decorum. Even the grotesqueries of that remarkable 15th-century moralist—the Dutch painter, Hieronymus Bosch—take on the fascinating grandeur of a Baroque pageant. Today, hell has been brought into our lives, and few have made it so pungent as that writer of mordant sermons disguised as novels and theatre pieces, Jean-Paul Sartre.

His play, *Huis Clos*, almost became a symbol of the immediate post-war period. It reflected in some measure the depths of disillusionment to which the world, and France in particular, had sunk during the long degrading years of World War II. "We have made our bed so make way for tomorrow for then we must lie in it," this infernal *pas de trois* seemed to shriek at us. That was yesterday; today the mood has changed—not basically but subtly. An atomic mushroom strikes terror into the hearts of everyone and hell is taking on a different aspect, in grandeur of conception returning, perhaps, to the horrific landscape of Bosch.

Nothing shocks Paris so much as "yesterday," and many people told me that they thought *Sonate à Trois* (inspired by *Huis Clos* of Sartre) was old-fashioned—a failing which, in their eyes, amounted to a dastardly crime. My crime, little old-fashioned me, was that I found it incredibly effective theatre and far less dated than *Titus Andronicus* which their Parisian hands had scarcely cooled off from applauding with almost unparallelled fervour. Of course in England it would be regarded with dyed-in-the-wool abhorrence by those twin-setted single-string-of-pearls ladies to whom the idea of feminine attachment for



L'ETRANGER: *The setting for Béjart's ballet about the tropics by Bernard Daydé. With the simplest means—a drape of white material and slats of wood in varying lengths and widths—Daydé created a most effective stage picture. It suggested all the heat and languor which was also conveyed in the Villa Lobos music and in the choreography.* *Photo: Lido*

anything other than the mere male is just not to be mentioned, far less shown in the public playhouses.

Yet the play never exploited Lesbianism for the sake of making sensational theatre. It merely became an integral part of the infernal round—a symbol of desire and the unattainable.

Maurice Béjart has followed the idea of Sartre very closely in his choreography. His triumph is that he has managed to make it seem entirely original and in no way a slavish copy of something whose origin was in an entirely different medium. The seering anguish of the damned trio striving after each other and getting nowhere has inspired some violent movement which also becomes involved with three chairs—a diabolic game of musical chairs.

What is remarkable about the choreography is that every second is danced. The whole body is used to intensify the drama. Béjart has developed a style from which every shred of superfluous movement has been stripped. There is nothing vague or obscurely symbolic. The result is dance theatre as violent and intensified as an Elizabethan horror comic.

The split-second precision of these leaps, turns and rolls can only be given by dancers perfectly trained and attuned to this particular style and the devil alone knows what this work would have been like unless given with that kind of brilliance that is only found in certain French dancers. The very idea of Anglo-Saxon performers was the only blush of embarrassment that this whole work brought to these near blush-proof cheeks.

All three—Seigneuret, Bari and Béjart—gave extremely powerful performances, Seigneuret in particular bringing a dusky smouldering beauty which I do not remember seeing in ballet since Zizi Jeanmaire burst on to an astonished world when she created the title rôle in Petit's *Carmen* a decade ago.

Bartók's *Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion* is not one of my favourite works (a rare occurrence today since he now seems to be everybody's favourite ballet composer), but in this instance it proved to be admirable. Its noisy jazziness contributed enormously to the dramatic impact of the whole work. The fact that it was recorded and played loudly helped to jangle the senses in addition to the ocular anguish in the spectacle of girl reaching for man and being reached for by another girl.

The setting consisted of nothing apart from the three aforesaid chairs, black curtains and some extremely claustrophobic lighting. This was one of the cases when any more decoration would have hindered rather than added to the general disturbing effect.

L'Etranger

Choreography by Maurice Béjart. Music by Villa Lobos. Designed by Bernard Daydé.

Cast

She NICOLE AMIGUES
The Stranger ANTONIO CANO
The Men JEAN CAZENAVE, DIETER CLAAS, ADOLFO ANDRADE, INDA PARDINA

A *WARM country where people search for shadow, other sky, and other faces.*

A stranger passes, breaking the monotony of the days and for a moment the men forget their lassitude, for a moment she forgets her agony and solitude.

A stranger passes but he does not stop as the outside world lays claim on him.

The heavy days continue their course under the relentless sun which filters through the prison bars.

But she smashes the cage and leaves in pursuit of her dream.

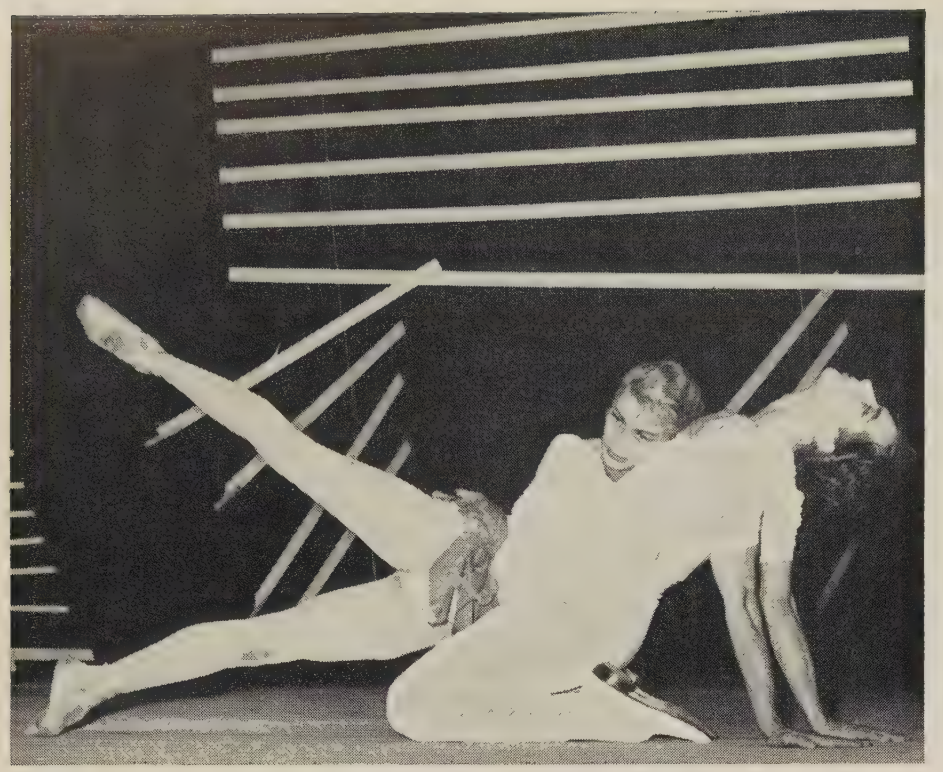
HOW much more expressive is the French word *chaleur* than our clipped unsuitable *heat*. "Heat" falls on the ear like a hailstone, short, sharp and over quick. *Chaleur* falls off the tongue like slow steam never quite dissolving in the air. *Chaleur* means unfaceable sun at high noon and a somnolent world behind drawn blinds, arms too lacking in energy even to flap a fan; airless nights heightening desires unfulfilled owing to lassitude. *Chaleur* breathes a warning of inevitable decay.

It is really *chaleur* which dominates Béjart's *L'Etranger*. As I saw it, he has attempted an atmospheric work in which a mood, a condition, is created which becomes a prison. The cinema once achieved a similar situation by making the Casbar in Algiers a prison for Pépé le Moko.

In this case a girl is imprisoned in the destructive tentacles of a sleasy tropical place. The appearance of a new face and their subsequent clammy passion give her a spark of hope, a momentary quickening of energy and incentive. She seizes the opportunity the moment offers—and escapes.

The work is probably less good than the two other Béjart works which flank it, yet it seemed most successfully to achieve what it set out to do. The main trouble was that the theme is one which has previously been rather overworked. Nevertheless, the combination of Villa Lobos themes on a guitar, the deliberately torpid choreography, and the slatted simplicity of Bernard Daydé's admirable setting combined to capture the mood to such an extent that dust and steam seemed to exude across the footlights. On a not particularly warm June night, the audience instinctively started to fan itself with its programmes.

The *pas de deux* between the woman (Nicole Amigues) and the Stranger (Antonio Cano) owed a great deal to those *pas de deux passionnels* which Roland Petit so graphically achieved in *Carmen* and *Le Loup*. French companies can do these things without them becoming obscene. Amigues is a beautiful girl and a very fine dancer and her dusty blondness made her ideal for this rôle. Her partner, Antonio Cano, was recently seen in England with Luisillo's Spanish Dance Theatre and surprisingly, because Spanish dancers seldom fit into companies with a less nationalistic idiom, he seemed completely at home in this essentially French group. He is tall and handsome and makes up with a dramatic presence and sense of theatre what he lacks in the particular kind of burnished modern technique required for Béjart ballets.



LOVE WITH A STRANGER: The girl condemned to the heat (Nicole Amigues) is loved for a few brief moments by a passing stranger (Antonio Cano). Both pictures, above and below, show moments in their pas de deux *from* L'Etranger. *Photos: Lido*

If the ballet as a whole hardly provided a contrast from the suffering which pervaded most of the programme, it was at least suffering of a different kind—far less violent and generally more relaxed throughout.

The Girl's final break through the very solid-looking wooden slats made an effective climax.

Haut Voltage

Book by Pierre Rhallys. Music by Marius Constant and Pierre Henry. Choreography by Maurice Béjart. Designed by Abel Rilliard.

Cast

The Woman who Holds the Power TESSA BEAUMONT
The Young Man DICK SANDERS
The Young Girl ARIEL AUCLERC
Corps de ballet of crowd

A WOMAN holds a great supernatural power. She dominates a young man whom she uses to assist her magical operations. Installed in a public place, she submits him to the action of magnetic fluid. Crowds come from far and wide to consult on the future, ask questions of all kinds; the sick recover their health, the infirm are cured.

The young man loves and is loved by a very innocent young girl. Her appearance upsets the public seances of divination and miraculous cures. The messages which the young man emits become uncomprehensible, the phenomenons are continually breaking down. The girl is a white disturbing force.

The strong love between the boy and the girl arouses the hate of the Woman who holds the Power and the anger of the crowd.

Knowing that the young man is charged with energy of a very high voltage until he is in a trance, the woman thrusts the girl into the boy's arms and she is electrocuted by the contact.

When the young man returns to his normal self he finds the body of his beloved one at his feet. He tramples on the woman and excites the crowd against her and overwhelms her in a fit of madness.

HERE is yet another example of the brilliant theatrical idea of Pierre Rhallys. Other ballets for which he was responsible for the book have been discussed in previous issues. Again, the story is extremely original and admirably suited to choreographic realisation. What is more, it is also perfect for the part use of *musique concrète.*

It is hard to know just where the individual work of the librettist, choreographer and composer starts and finishes, so perfectly is each art dovetailed into the other. The Marius Constant music becomes *concrète* for the automatic utterances of the young man and the meaningless jumble of noises which emerges, as the white power of his fiancée dominate him, amounts to one of the most original and suitable uses of *musique concrète* that ballet has yet achieved. The final scream as the charlatan woman dies is ear-piercing and terrifying and makes a chillingly powerful climax to the ballet—the audience is left gasping and stunned.

The ballet was originally created for a festival in Metz on March 27 last year when the principal rôles were taken by Hélène Trailine and Milorad Miskovitch. Unfortunately I was unable to see them in their various appearances across Europe, but the reports were extremely enthusiastic. But I find it hard to imagine that anyone could have been better than Tessa Beaumont in the rôle of the charlatan woman possessing supernatural power.

She is magnetically beautiful with her short hair and her green-lidded eyes drawn up at the sides, like a human vixen. The most deep-dyed evil seems to flow through her veins. Both her appearance and her strong, sharp technique make her dominate the ballet so that everything she does sends a titillating shudder down the spines of the audience.

As the boy she uses as her medium, Dick Sanders looked almost too healthy and naive. He has a cuteness which in a strange way did not seem quite suitable for the part, yet he is a fine artist who did as much as he could with the rôle. Somebody with a more poetic appearance would have been more suitable and here it may be that Miskovitch was better.

Ariel Auclerc looked, and acted, innocence personified rather like Michaela in Bizet's *Carmen.* But everyone seemed to sink into rather colourless insignificance in the presence of Tessa Beaumont.

When the ballet started I got the impression that Abel Rilliard's setting of stark electric pylons against a night sky was not poetic enough: it seemed, I thought, too realistic for the poetic fantasy of the story. I later realised that this early assessment was wrong. The fact that the setting was mainly realistic heightened even more the horror and fantasy of the book.

To me there is always something frightening about pylons: they seem to be palaces of power which even man has failed to tether completely. All is well as long as the current flows serenely along the power-cables, but try to tamper with that and instant shrieking death is the inevitable result. Electric power, like that mighty atom, is bound in the end to conquer man who plays so foolishly and uncomprehendingly with forces which he does not completely understand.

Therefore these pylons seemed to make a harsh and ugly setting for a story which, in actual fact, was little other than poetic Grand Guignol. Any attempts at charm and prettiness on the part of the designer would immediately have given the whole ballet a certain falseness.

Béjart again has achieved a work of remarkable dramatic power. His choreography is at all times fitting and he never, as is the case with so many French choreographers, resorts to meaningless movement such as *pirouettes* and *entrechats* to fill an empty space. Every-

continued on page 39

La Chanson de L'Eternelle Tristesse

(The Song of Eternal Sorrow)

First given by Le Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas at Le Théâtre Alhambra-Maurice Chevalier, Paris, on June 22, 1957. Ballet by Ana Ricarda inspired by a poem of the Tang dynasty. Music by Christopher Headington. Designs by N. H. Stubbing. Choreography by Ana Ricarda.

Cast

The Emperor .. .. SERGE GOLOVINE
His Favourite, Yang-Kuei-Fei .. .. .. NINA VYROUBOVA
Two Eunuchs .. .. JUAN GIULIANO, IVAN DRAGADZE
A Sorcerer .. .. DON SPOTTSWOOD
The Light .. .. MARIA SANTESTEVAN
Two Demons .. .. HUGO DELAVALLE, WILLY MAURER
Thunder .. .. DANIEL SEILLIER
Corps de ballet of Musicians, Concubines, Banner-bearers, Soldiers, Clouds, Winds

Scene 1: At the Emperor's Palace
Scene 2: The Fête
Scene 3: The Vision of the Sorcerer
Scene 4: Paradise

ONCE upon a time there was an Emperor of China who remained bored in his palace until one day he saw a young girl, Yang-Kuei-Fei. A grand fête was immediately arranged to honour this new favourite. Soon the Emperor was so much in love that he failed to occupy himself with the affairs of state. To avoid a rebellion, it became necessary for him to sacrifice the young girl and she was put to death.

The Emperor remained in his palace alone until, at last, he demanded of a Taoist priest to evoke the spirit of her whom he had named "Ever Faithful." Eventually she appeared holding the love-tokens that her lord had given her. But their meeting was very short and again the Emperor was left for ever alone, for "The earth endures, the heavens endure. Some day both will finish, whereas this unending sorrow will never end. . . ."

Creation For The Edinburgh Festival

THE EMPEROR AND HIS FAVOURITE CONCUBINE: The Emperor (Serge Golovine) dances with the Favourite, Yang-Kuei-Fei (Nina Vyroubova) at the fête given in her honour. Photo: Lido

ONE of the many mysteries of the Orient is how to translate its idiom into terms of contemporary ballet. In the 17th century, during the epoch of "Chinoiserie," it was not so difficult because, though the costumes, scenery and some of the movement had a distinct Chinese flavour, the whole thing resulted in a mainly Occidental view of the Orient—charming, amusing but essentially European. One of Fokine's last creations—*L'Epreuve d'Amour*—most exquisitely brought Chinoiserie up to date. In about 1948, Janine Charrat very successfully evoked a Japanese Noh play in her *La Femme et son Ombre* for Les Ballets de Paris, which hardly resorted to any so-called Japanese movement, nor did it resort to the classical vocabulary. In a remarkable way Charrat conveyed the Orient without making use of its conventions.

There have, of course, been many ballets using either a Chinese or Japanese background or themes, but few have achieved any notable success. Of recent years Frederick Ashton's gentle comedy, *Madame Chrysanthème* for the Royal Ballet, brought charm to a Pierre Loti story. Here the movement was entirely based on what most Westerners believe to be the essence of Japanese theatre. The fact that it was humorous saved it from becoming pretentious.

In her new ballet for Le Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas, Ana Ricarda has set herself a most difficult task by basing a long and elaborate work on a Tang poem. The drama in this poem is so slight and, as is the case in so much Oriental poetry, there is a greater depth and symbolism than is first apparent in the written words. The added heaviness that a ballet with a large *corps* and a full-size Western orchestra is bound to inflict on anything so slight and delicate, must result in a rather incongruous mixture. Ricarda has almost overcome these initial disadvantages—but not quite.

She has used Oriental postures in the whole line of the body, the placing of the hands and the position of the neck and head. Many of the dances—particularly for the Eunuchs, Concubines and in the general festive junketings—have been authentically based on what we have seen from the companies of China and Japan that have appeared in the West. But when she comes to creating *soli* and *pas de deux* for the two principals, a unified style (authentic or not) seems to go awry. I noticed leaps, turns, a *grand manège* and a number of very Occidental lifts for Vyroubova and Golovine. In spite of the fact that the upper parts of their bodies, their arms and hands, were attempting to remain in Cathay, the lower parts of their bodies remained strictly in St. Petersburg.

This I feel to be a stylistic fault on the part of Ricarda and it gave the whole ballet an air of

Turandot rather than achieving an evocation of the Tang dynasty. What the answer to all this is I do not know, and it is probably just another instance of East and West and never the twain meeting—at least not in ballet.

But though I feel this fault to be a serious one, there is no getting away from the fact that Ricarda has made a sincere attempt at putting ballet into a new environment, and as a ballet spectacle it has come off.

She has a very good sense of theatre and knows how to create an effect and build up an entrance in the grand manner. Vyroubova's first entrance is particularly good. Two Eunuchs dance and then unfurl long ribbons, which they twist around, making beautiful patterns in the air. When they have finished they lay them along the ground so that they look like one end of a suspension bridge, and form a triumphal entrance for Yang-Kuei-Fei. Again, Ricarda's processions at the fête, with the ceremonial dragon weaving through the air, are most effective. By contrast, the death of Yang-Kuei-Fei is rather quiet—just a quick strangulation, rather like the death of the general's concubine in the fragment of a Chinese opera given here by the Pekin Opera company two years ago. The dance of the soldiers who come to kill Yang-Kuei-Fei was good and would have been much better had the company danced it with greater precision. The opening dance for the Concubines was monotonous, and rightly so, but it went on for too long. The appearance of a *corps de ballet* as Clouds and Winds was none too happy, and they looked rather like a school end-of-term display.

Many of these faults were emphasised by the generally poor execution by the majority of the company. Few of the dancers looked as though they sincerely believed in what they were doing. From the dancing point of view the ballet was saved by its principals.

In the past few months I have had cause to applaud Nina Vyroubova in a number of varied rôles. In this ballet she further emphasised the fact that she is one of the finest interpretative ballerinas of our time. From the moment she first enters, she looks like a delicate figure on a Tang vase. The slight inclination of her head, the delicacy of her hands, the submission of her whole body, show how seriously she had considered and how remarkably she has understood the nature of the rôle. She seems to have entered completely into the soul of the hapless Favourite and her deep sincerity left an unforgettable impression. She must, I think, have inspired Golovine in his interpretation of the Emperor. Although he is rather short for one's general conception of a Chinese Emperor and as a partner for Vyroubova, he gave a subtly-etched portrayal which amounted to one of his finest interpretations so far.

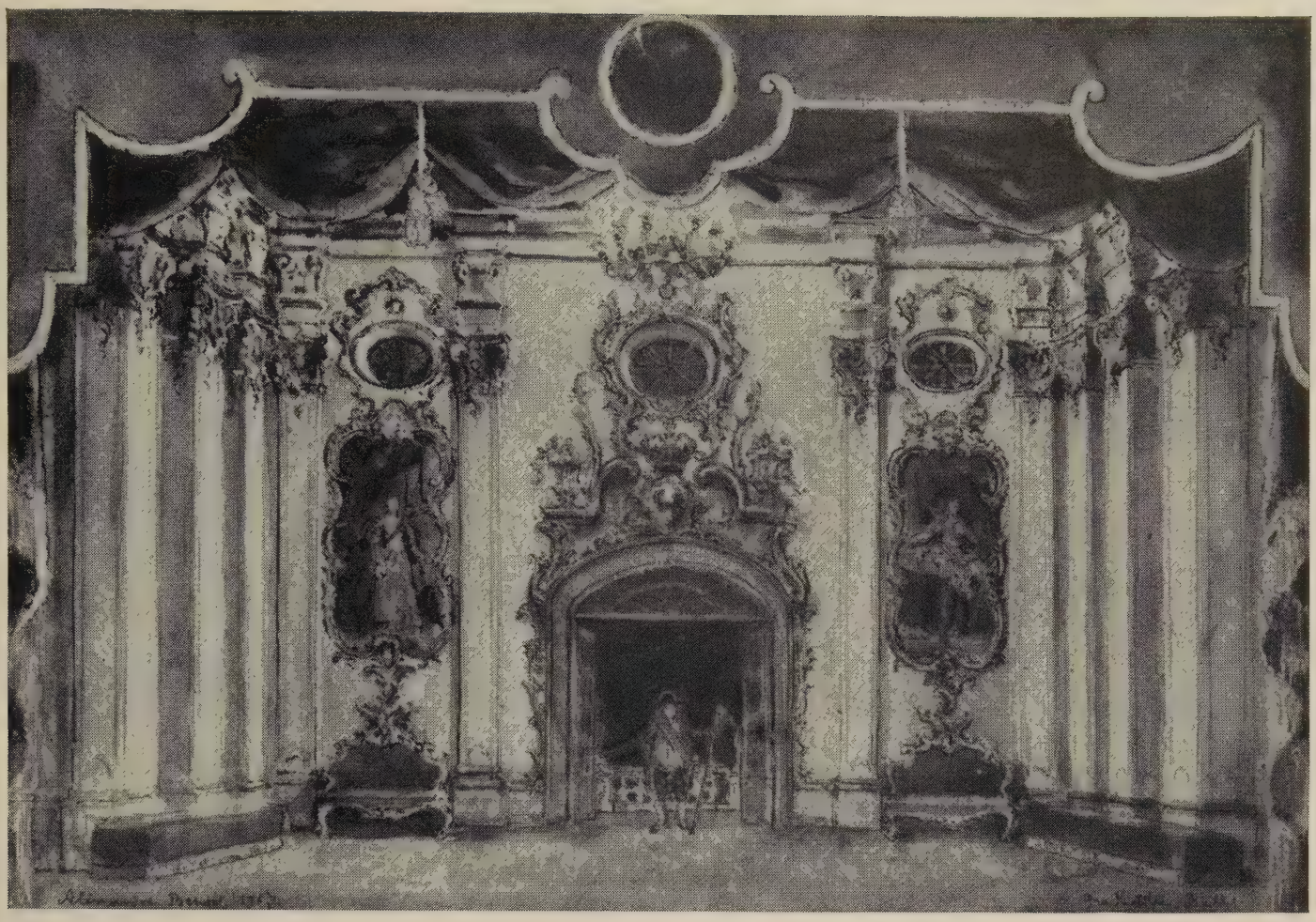
Another artist who created an impression was Daniel Seillier, who danced a very rumbustious solo as Thunder. Apart from these three, I would not say that Ricarda had been well served by the company.

Christopher Headington's score was based on Chinese themes and sounded, on only one hearing, to be eminently suitable, though the orchestra was so bad, in spite of the yeoman conducting of Gustave Cloez, that it was impossible to pass fair judgment on it. No doubt at the Edinburgh Festival it will be more possible to hear what it is really like.

But if the score was not helped by its execution, neither were Stubbing's designs helped by incredibly incompetent lighting. Different colour effects clicked on and off as in an amateur production in the outer Hebrides. This was unfortunate because the designer's misty pink parchment and, later, blue settings could, if properly lit, give a wonderful pipe-dream atmosphere. His sets made a perfect background to some lovely and delicate costumes, many of which had an unusual texture which caused them to shimmer with a faint glaze. His colours were discreet and somehow the whole work achieved a patina which avoided the garishness so often pervading "Chinese" spectacles in the Western theatre. I did not care for Vyroubova's dress after she had discarded her robe; it looked too much like the hostess in *Les Biches*. Nor did I like those for the Clouds and Winds, which suggested none of these things to me. Otherwise the designs had great taste and distinction and showed, interestingly, an understanding of theatre from one who is ostensibly an abstract painter.

These early performances were doubtless somewhat in the nature of dress rehearsals, and with time the ballet should become a valuable addition to the repertoire. **Peter Williams**

A CHINESE FETE: The Concubines of the Emperor dance at the fête, given in honour of the Emperor's Favourite. In the background can be seen one of the dragon-banners which are used in China for celebrations of all kinds. *Photo: Lido*



VIENNESE ACADEMY: The design by Alexandre Benois for the setting of Lichine's Graduation Ball. *This design for Festival Ballet's production is virtually the same as the one Benois created for the original de Basil production in Australia. A number of versions have since been seen that varied, in some cases considerably, from the original. Benois himself supervised this particular production.*

Graduation Ball

First given at the Theatre Royal, Sydney, on February 28, 1940. First given by London's Festival Ballet in London at the Royal Festival Hall on July 9, 1957. Ballet in one act by David Lichine. Choreography by David Lichine. Music by Johann Strauss, arranged and orchestrated by Antal Dorati. Costumes and décor by Alexandre Benois.

Cast

The Headmistress .. .. JANET OVERTON
Principal Junior Pupils .. .. ANITA LANDA, MARGIT MULLER
The General .. .. PETER WHITE
Principal Junior Cadets .. .. KEITH BECKETT, LOUIS GODFREY

Divertissements

The Mistress of Ceremonies .. .. ANITA LANDA
The Drummer .. .. FLEMMING FLINDT
The Sylphide and the Scotsman .. .. PAMELA HART, JEAN-PIERRE ALBAN
Impromptu Dance .. .. MARGIT MULLER
Fouetté Competition .. .. ESTELLE NOVA, JENNIFER ALDERTON
Perpetuum Mobile .. ANITA LANDA, KEITH BECKETT, SHEILA WRIGHT, MAUREEN WEBSTER, PHYLLIDA PORTER,
Mazurka .. .. JANET OVERTON, PETER WHITE
Corps de ballet of Junior Pupils, Senior Pupils, Junior Cadets and Senior Cadets.

STORY

THE ballet is set in a Viennese girls' school towards the middle of the last century. Preparations, zealously watched over by a virago of a Headmistress, are in progress for a ball to be given in conjunction with a neighbouring military academy. Eventually the cadets, under the leadership and chaperonage of an elderly General, arrive and the ball gets under way.

After the initial shyness has been broken down, the dancing proceeds merrily, and leads into the specially rehearsed *divertissements* organised by the pupils. While the young people are at dinner a romantic attachment develops between the Headmistress and the General, who are surprised in a situation which is promising if not compromising.

The revels get more boisterous, until the time finally comes when the cadets must leave for home. The most adventurous of the cadets, who acted as Master of Ceremonies during the evening's entertainment, steals back to keep a tryst with one of the girls. But the would-be lovers are caught by the vigilance of the Headmistress, and the cadet is sent packing.

CHOREOGRAPHY

DAVID LICHINE has choreographed many ballets, but only one, *Graduation Ball*, has so far fairly and squarely hit the jack-pot. It is perhaps as futile to wonder why as to conjecture why Leoncavallo's solitary *I Pagliacci* found no successor, for imponderable luck has unquestionably played its part, but luck never tells the complete story of success.

The theme of *Graduation Ball* is basically so good that there is hardly any time to question how flimsily it holds together. Its absurdities pass unnoticed in the strongly evoked atmosphere of parties and charades, which in turn gives the ballet a disarming air of spontaneous improvisation and something of the comfortable chumminess of an amateur concert party.

Another of the lifebuoys of the work's survival has been Antal Dorati's "enchanting" (all right, think of a better word!) arrangement of music by Johann Strauss, a score which itself fugitively reminds us of the ballet's blood-cousin Massine's *Le Beau Danube*, the theatrical apotheosis of the Vienna waltz. Nor is the similarity between these two dissimilar works confined to their musical kinship, for the chameleon of Lichine's choreographic style has in *Graduation Ball*, taken on a colouring close to Massine's. The circular *ensembles*, the broad mime details so characteristic of Massine's *genre* choreography, and the sometimes brilliantly devised *demi-caractère* solos, are all reminders of the Massine manner.

PREPARING FOR THE PARTY: Maureen Webster, Phyllida Porter and Dianne Richards watch Belinda Wright putting the finishing touches to her appearance in preparation for the arrival of the cadets. *Photo: Mike Davis*

The ballet, which was first performed by Col. de Basil's Original Ballet Russe in Sydney on February 28, 1940, can now perhaps be seen as the last of a whole generation of ballets, the rather muted swan-song of the ex-patriate Ballets Russes, whose story had started in St. Petersburg over 30 years earlier. Following its production, the company went to America for the war years and lost its previous identity as it became assimilated into American ballet.

The work's virtues are in its light-headed light-heartedness, and if the choreography lacks great distinction—compare and contrast it, as they say, with *Le Beau Danube*—it lacks neither invention nor vitality, and its ingenuous unpretentiousness enables it to come up fresh and smiling when many more portentous productions have long since wilted. Remembering all what Richard Buckle once called the chandelier ballets, this one still glitters brighter than most.

Certainly it is an old friend, although England had to wait until 1947 before it first made its acquaintance, when it was produced at Covent Garden by Col. de Basil with a modest but important sprinkling of the original cast. Subsequently we have seen the ballet produced by both Ballet Theatre and the Royal Danish Ballet, not to mention George Kirsta's predominantly English resuscitation of the Original Ballet Russe.

Although the outline of the ballet has remained in all its various productions, not all of which have been seen here by a long chalk, there have been various additions and subtractions to the *divertissements*. The first version, for example, contained a dance called with a beautiful, if vague, simplicity, "The Mathematics and Natural-History Lesson," and about which I have always felt an inordinate curiosity which, alas, is still not assuaged as it has never been included in any production seen in England. The present *pas de cinq* to the *Perpetuum Mobile* also replaced a *Circus Dance*, to the same music. Another non-British starter has been a Tyrolean dance that Lichine once introduced into the ballet.

The present production was mounted by Lichine himself when the company had its spring season in Paris. It follows closely the de Basil version apart from a very slight modification in the ending.

DANCING

AT the final count style in dancing matters more than anything else. Being wise before the event, I would have guessed that *Graduation Ball* would have fitted Festival Ballet as neatly as perfection, but to judge from the company's early performances of the work, I should have been wrong.

Perhaps the basic fault, and it is all too common in British ballet as a whole, lies in the company's tendency to dance too much to the audience and too little to themselves. Dancers, or for that matter actors, should always maintain the pretence that the audience does not exist, otherwise their natural and very proper anxiety to please will run away with their duty to convince.

At the ballet's first Festival Hall performance, the company showed plenty of rather slapdash vigour but little of the Viennese delicacy that can add to the ballet's charm without, as we saw with the Danes, detracting one whit from its good-natured liveliness.

Naturally the company, probably rather tired from its long tour and possibly overexcited by the first night, was not able to do itself full justice. Nor is the stage ideally shaped for many of the *ensembles*, which must inevitably be a little cramped into its rectangular confines. Later performances showed a marked improvement, but the tendency remains to ravish their audiences' affections rather than seduce them.

Keith Beckett's return to the company's fold is welcome, but as the leading cadet he produced the fatal combination of too wide a grin with too small a jump. His characterisation needs toning down and polishing up (the *nuance* he gives to the triumphant wave at the begin-

SHY PUPIL: Margit Muller is rather over-awed by the appearance of so many males, in the form of the General and his cadets. *Photo: Mike Davis*

JUNIOR QUARTET: Louis Godfrey, Diane Westerman, Keith Beckett and Anita Landa as a precocious foursome. The early nervousness of the ball has quickly been dispelled. Photo: Mike Davis

ning of the ball was quite wrong, for example), and he needed much more elevation in a rôle that derives its main effects from prodigious leaps.

Both Anita Landa and Belinda Wright danced well as the Mistress of Ceremonies, with Wright's kittenish humour giving her slightly the edge over Landa's possibly stronger dancing. Wright has become in the past few years a *soubrette* with very few equals in British ballet.

Margit Muller showed a surprising sense of fun as the pig-tail girl, although there were times when she allowed the part to run away with her. I preferred Diane Westerman's coy pouts and crisp dancing in the second cast.

The part of the Drummer, with its whirling steps and twirling drum-sticks, is still so closely associated with its creator, Nicholas Orlov, that it is difficult for any dancer to make much impression in it. Flemming Flindt, however, maintained the Danish tradition of success in this rôle, with a performance that might easily develop into the most satisfying of Orlov's successors. John Gilpin at a later performance was so wildly mis-cast in the same rôle, that common humanity restricts me to saying that he made a good entrance.

The General and the Headmistress also labour under much the same disadvantage of invidious comparison as does the Drummer, although in their cases it is with the Danish pair of Svend Erik Jensen and Gerda Karstens. Peter White's quizzical and stiff General came nearer to filling the Danish jack-boots than anyone else we have seen, but Janet Overton over-played the Headmistress alarmingly. The lady can and must be grotesque but never undignified, or else the salt of the wit is lost.

The ballet is going to make a very useful closing work for the company, particularly when it has got more worked in and a few, not all, of the dancers have shed their rather undergraduate approach to its humour. But one suggestion: without detracting from Peter White's performance, would it not be possible for Mr. Dolin to make the occasional appearance as the General? He still owes London something for us having missed him in Fokine's *Bluebeard*.

Clive Barnes

MUSIC

BEING about Vienna in the 1840's, *Graduation Ball* does not suffer, as a Russian critic said of *Swan Lake* after its first production, from its preponderance of waltzes. The two of which Antal Dorati has made the most extended use in his brilliant arrangement of Johann Strauss were particularly happy choices—the *Acceleration* Waltz, which establishes from curtain-rise the mood of mounting excitement as the last flurried touches are put to the preparations for the party, and *Flugschriften*, with its shy opening and sudden *crescendo* of happiness that make it the perfect accompaniment for the first dance of the ball.

But if the ballet is by way of being a tribute to the Waltz King, it also reminds us that "Europe's dancing master" was also the Polka King, the Mazurka King, the March King and the Quadrille King. In selecting the various pieces that make up the scintillating score, Dorati would seem to have taken a tip from Désormière's even more masterly *Le Beau Danube* and mingled familiar with lesser-known Strauss, also incorporating several unpublished pieces which he "discovered" in the Library of the Vienna State Opera. If there is a greater elegance and distinction to *Le Beau Danube*, the explanation lies partly in the fact that Désormière also made considerable use of music by Josef Strauss, in the opinion of many, including myself, a more gifted composer than his more famous brother.

If my memory serves correctly, the score used for the present revival is identical with that of the first Australian performances, despite changes which Lichine has made to the choreography in the intervening years. The suppressed *Mathematics and Natural-History Lesson*—which was, incidentally, a singularly unfunny episode involving three of the girls pretending to be elderly professors, armed with

THE SYLPHIDE AND THE SCOTSMAN: Pamela Hart and Jean-Pierre Alban in the Romantic pas de deux *which is one of the highlights of the divertissement given at the ball.*

In recent years this charming dance has been replaced in some productions by a more strictly classical pas de deux *which never fitted into the atmosphere as well as this Romantic evocation.*

Photo: Jeffrey Kovel

calipers, butterfly-nets and what-not—made use of the music now played for the parlour game. The *Circus* divertissement, also no longer given, used to be danced with breath-taking *élan* by Riabouchinska and Lichine to the *Perpetuum Mobile*, the present choreography for which is not nearly so effective.

The Festival Ballet orchestra give a disciplined account of the delightful music, which will be even better when they succeed in capturing more of the authentic Viennese lilt and sparkle.

David Hunt

THE IDOL OF THE GIRLS: Flemming Flindt, in the Drummer Dance, is admired by all the girls from the academy. The photograph gives an idea of the realisation of Benois's design shown on page 21. *Photo: Lido*

DECOR

SUITABILITY is one of the most important considerations when choosing a designer. Sometimes artistic directors, in an attempt to be different, inflict merry pranks upon the public by commissioning wildly improbable designers for their creations. It might be amusing to get Clavé to design *Graduation Ball* or Benois to have a go at *Carmen*, but it would only create a passing sensation and would, in the end, surely prove to be a most expensive whim. A few years ago the Paris Opéra commissioned Carzou for their *Giselle*, presumably on the strength of his admittedly fascinating forest in Petit's *Le Loup*. In the end these undoubtedly beautiful settings had to be scrapped in favour of the old original Benois designs. You cannot put a "vertical" designer, such as Carzou is, into a rounded ballet such as *Giselle*; the curves and straight lines fight most violently.

When it comes to suitability, could anybody be more right to design a Viennese academy towards the middle of the last century than Alexandre Benois? How tasteless these operetta-like ballets can become unless they are re-created with affection and an on-the-spot knowledge. Although Benois was brought up in St. Petersburg, such academies as they had in Vienna must have been very well-known to him—those big, bare rooms with their faded opulence, their chandeliers and their Imperial academic portraits.

All of these things he has brought into his *Graduation Ball* setting and the atmosphere is immediately right. Its very bareness at the opening gives an air of expectancy; the sense of impermanence of its gilt chairs makes one feel that as a ballroom it is only temporary; tomorrow it will return to its rightful state of being a classroom, and the chandelier will hang in a dust bag. But this evening the room awaits male guests and shortly some of the lilt and gaiety, which it must have known in the days when it was a noble house, will return for a few brief hours. It is, indeed, a remarkable thing to achieve all this with such simple means, but then that is where Benois has always lorded it over any other living ballet designer.

How horrid it could have been, and how lacking in the right atmosphere had it looked slick and pretty with over-emphasis on rococo curlecues. As it is, a sober prettiness is achieved which never intrudes, yet which gives the whole ballet a feeling of mellowness.

The scarlet of the curtain, hiding the french window backstage centre, and of the sofas and border give what colour is needed; night sky shows through the three *oeil de boeuf* windows placed high in the back wall.

The simplicity of the colour in the costumes is masterly—the junior cadets in their blue tunics and white trousers, the junior pupils in their crisp white muslin and blue bows. Against them the colours of the senior cadets and students bring a certain amount of brightness. Only one fault could I find, and this may have been a personal dislike: some of the senior pupils appear in very strident green-yellow dresses which add an ugly note of colour.

Unfortunately, this most admirable designing was not helped by the most unimaginative lighting of Festival Hall. The shallowness of the stage, and the fact that it lacks height hardly gave poor Benois a chance. It seems a terrible pity that all the works in Festival Ballet's repertoire which are designed for normal theatres are always shown to such a disadvantage in London. Only works such as Maillart's *Coppélia* (with its wide-screen designing) and scene-less ballets like *Etudes* get the right kind of showing.

As Festival Ballet is now going to play in Festival Hall for at least 12 weeks in the year, and as the company has proved itself to be one of the Hall's major attractions, surely something could now be done about the stage. It seems that in the future there are to be a number of structural alterations to the hall and that the dressing-room position is to be completely revised. While all this is being done it should not cost all that much more to make the stage high enough to fly scenery properly and deep enough to present opera and ballet companies in the setting which will show them off in the manner to which they are accustomed in normal theatres. I should have thought that the London County Council would reap ample reward from the advantages to be gained from such a move.

Peter Williams

FOUETTE DANCERS: Marilyn Burr and Estella Nova in the Fouetté Competition *which marks the climax of the divertissements.* *Photo: Mike Davis*

So You Want to Dance?

Schools and Teachers
by E. C. MASON

Teaching Adult Beginners

ONE interesting feature of Stella Karin's work is the special tuition she gives to adult beginners. Possibly the reason for her success in this field of teaching is her own late discovery of ballet. The Diaghilev company, the first she ever saw, created such an impression on her, but at a time when she had no technical knowledge, that she immediately arranged to study with Karsavina. Later she spent a considerable time in Preobrajenska's studio in Paris.

She does not consider that late beginning necessarily handicaps a dancer, who must, of course, possess a perfectly suitable physique and mind—an intense love and desire for dancing, an appreciation of and real instinct for the real qualities of classical ballet—to be successful.

In fact, it has been her experience, she told me, that some possibly have even benefited by beginning late. Conversely, dancers can be irrevocably spoiled by beginning too early in the wrong way. A late beginner who has become famous is Asaf Messerer, who began training, she says, at 19.

The actual teaching of adult beginners requires a very special knowledge and imagination on the part of the teacher to enable the pupil to acquire the most important qualities in the shortest possible time. It also demands a more intensive psychological approach because the adult beginner is able to analyse and digest ideas and suggestions more rapidly than a child or young beginner.

It is often disheartening for the adult beginner to see so many young pupils dancing with greater facility. Therefore if any progress is to be made at all one of the most important necessities is confidence.

The lessons are really very exhausting to give, says Stella Karin, but the results are sometimes quite remarkable. There are, of course, various formulas which can be used (with slight variations of wording or application for particular cases) which can produce an immediate result. Her aim is to provide the student with, as she puts it, "the words of the language of dance." "Dancing," she says, "real dancing must come long afterwards."

Before she became interested in ballet, her ambition was to become a composer. Actually, she became a violinist instead. She has used her knowledge of music to good effect, and, as she says, considers music to be more than a mere accompaniment to the dance.

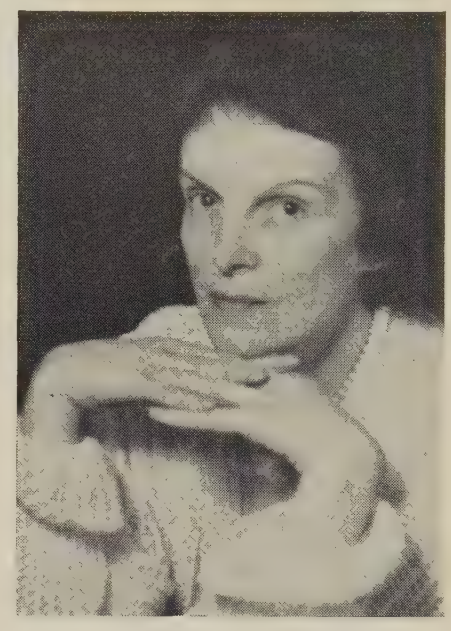
Classes are held at 9.30 a.m. and 6 p.m. daily at 10–11 Great Newport Street, and on Saturday mornings at 11.30; there are also classes for absolute beginners and children.

Valentin Zeglovsky, who was a member of the De Basil Ballet, studied with Chabukiani and worked in Soviet ballets with many famous Russians, including Tikaminoff, collaborates with her in classes, contributing much of the new methods and technique recognised in Russia today, and with which Stella Karin is particularly in sympathy.

It is, she feels, of paramount importance that technique and expression should progress with the needs and feelings of the times, while preserving the true classical tradition, as exemplified by the great teachers of the past—and any "method" adhered to becomes stereotyped and old-fashioned.

Much attention is given to *pas de deux* by Valentin Zeglovsky and many of the classical works are studied. This is not a separate class (though outsiders may join), but is part of the training of every student attaining the necessary proficiency.

Stella Karin has long wished to form a small group, and this is now being planned—when funds permit it she hopes to put on some performances.



STELLA KARIN

A Teacher from Vienna

HILDE HOLGER, the modern dance teacher, was a pupil of Gertrude Bodenwieser at the Vienna State Academy and a member of the Bodenwieser company. She has directed her own school in Vienna and toured Europe with her own dance group. Her travels have taken her as far afield as India, where she opened the first modern school in that country in Bombay in 1939. In 1949 she came to this country, and for the past seven years she has been teaching at her Regents Park studio.

HILDE HOLGER
Photo: Eftychiou

The young student's first impressions of any art are so very important, and dance is no exception. That every dancer needs a long period of training will no longer be considered a very profound statement, says Hilde Holger, and it is a fact known to almost every television viewer. But students should be given some opportunity to discover for themselves where their best creative abilities lie, and for this they not only require technical training but a cultural background as well. Body and mind constitute a unity, for mechanical or intellectual activity alone would fail to produce a dancer. It has often been the case that not only crippled toes, but also crippled minds have disastrously influenced young dancers and prevented them from developing into artists. "Consequently," she says, "when I start with young children I try not to pound or force them into technical worked-out theories which are alien to a child's constitution.

"I am very conscious," she says, "of the dangers of young students being mass-produced for mere technical proficiency in examinations. It is so much more rewarding to foster their dramatic and musical senses while their minds are young and impressionable, rather than attempt to force their unformed bodies to reach the technical perfection of a stage dancer. Naturally," she continues, "every teacher has great pleasure and pride in creating a first-class dancer (or perhaps I should say a pupil with natural gifts to produce), but the mediocre pupils far outnumber the gifted, and one, therefore, has to work hard to give the young dancer not only a sound technique, but an artistic background which will be useful for any branch of art she may later wish to take up."

When she arrived in this country in 1949 she was surprised to see so many students changing their teachers from one day to the next. It would never occur to a serious musician, she says, to work with various teachers at the same time and it would certainly lead to superficiality. Only one teacher with sufficient experience, she believes, can give a student what is needed technically, artistically and, what is most important, intellectually.

"Certainly," Hilde Holger says, "I have found a great prejudice against anything that is not based on traditional lines. But I believe that there is room for us all; for those who admire traditional ballet and for those who are more interested in the modern approach to dance." The modern dancer does not express herself in the vocabulary of classical ballet but tries to experiment, to search continually for new means of expressing her ideas. "We 'moderns' are often called tedious or monotonous," she says, "yet few have dared to say the same of the strict and often repeated vocabulary of classical ballet.

"I have never been orthodox in my work and I welcome everyone to my school who is serious and unprejudiced. But," she says, "I cannot work with pupils whose minds are rigid—I need their co-operation and spontaneity as much as they need mine." To give advanced students the opportunity of stage work, she formed her Production Group three years ago, in which, she says only very gifted students are accepted to work alongside professional dancers in modern works. "Let us continue to admire," she concludes, "the beauty of classical ballet, but let us not forget that there is much to learn from the 'moderns'."

For students unable to attend day classes, special professional evening classes are held from 6 to 9 p.m. The course covers Body Technique, Modern Dance Technique, Eurhythmics, Improvisation, Dance Composition, Mime and Choreography. The course also includes classical ballet, which she finds necessary to complete today's stage demands, but, of course, her aim is to train modern dancers.

Ballet Perspectives: I

Les Sylphides

This is the first in a series of articles in which Clive Barnes delves into the origins of the world's most famous ballets. In addition to the history of each ballet, he will assess the ballet's background in relation to the trends of the period in which it was created. As far as is possible he will consider the ballet's designers, its leading interpreters, and the most notable productions.

by CLIVE BARNES

LES SYLPHIDES is the traditional ballet of a revolutionary choreographer. The chain of circumstances leading to its creation can first be picked up when Fokine discovered the suite *Chopiniana* by Glazunov (Op. 46). This was an orchestration of several Chopin piano pieces, a Polonaise, a Nocturne, a Mazurka and a Tarantella. Today the rag-picking habits of young choreographers are so familiar to us that the production of a ballet to music that has already secured a place for itself in the concert repertory does not seem strange.

However, in Fokine's time the use of such music for dancing was an innovation. Possibly Fokine was influenced in this somewhat unusual choice by the fact that Isadora Duncan, who appeared in St. Petersburg in 1905, had danced to music by many great composers, including Chopin, all of whom had hitherto been held sacrosanct by dancers and ballet-masters alike.

Before the ballet was absorbed into the Diaghilev repertory it was produced in two earlier versions, each called *Chopiniana*. The first version sounds from its description an incredible mixture. To the former Glazunov orchestrations already to hand Fokine prevailed upon the composer to add a fifth, a Waltz.

To this music he created a strange episodic ballet, which opened with a Polonaise in a ballroom and ended with a Neapolitan Tarantella given local colour by being danced against a backcloth depicting Vesuvius. For the Nocturne, Fokine devised a scene showing Chopin, at his piano in a ruined monastery, tormented by the shapes of his fears, which are eventually dispelled by the timely intervention of his Muse. This scene, possibly derived from the composer's experiences in the monastery at Valdemosa described by one of his first biographers, Friedrich Niecks, bears a striking resemblance to the scenario Fokine used, many years later, for his ballet *Paganini*.

Taglioni Recalled

The Mazurka depicted a Polish wedding, and told a tale of an old man, a young fiancée and her lover, who elopes with the bride before the ceremony. Only the Waltz, danced by Anna Pavlova and Anatole Ouboukov, bore any resemblance to the ballet's final form. This was a *pas de deux* danced in the romantic manner, for which the choreographer rejected the short classical *tutu* for his ballerina, and revived the obsolete ballet-skirt, extending below the knees, as worn by Taglioni.

Presumably this *pas de deux* was a first draft of that which we know today in *Les Sylphides*. Doubtless this first version of *Chopiniana* realised Fokine's conceptions of ballet reform better in performance than it would appear to do from written accounts. In any event it is a far remove from this *Chopiniana*, to the second version famous today throughout the world.

This second production was in basis a plotless expansion of the "Taglioni" *pas de deux*. The original cast for this is given in Balanchine's *Complete Stories of the Great Ballets* (ed. Francis Mason) as Preobrajenska, Pavlova, Karsavina, Nijinsky and the veteran dancer Bekeffi. I have been unable to check this (although Lincoln Kirstein agrees on the inclusion of Bekeffi), but if authentic, presumably Bekeffi partnered Pavlova in the *Valse*, whereas Nijinsky danced the solo *Mazurka*. Whether *two* male dancers appeared in the *ensembles* and groupings I have not been able to discover, but if they did, it would squash the usually accepted idea that the second version of *Chopiniana* was nearly identical with *Les Sylphides*.

Probably movements and even "characters" in the ballet were inspired by an underlying narrative theme. The dancers have to express emotion and are not automatons, and that the dancers were associated with quite clearly defined poetic images in Fokine's mind was made apparent by Nicholas Beriosoff's article, "Remembering Fokine" But all this literal element has been refined out of the resulting ballet.

Tribute to Romantic Ballet

In effect *Chopiniana* was a tribute from the choreographer to the Romantic Ballet, a period of ballet history for which Fokine, as he showed in his article to the first number of the Russian periodical *Argus*, had the highest regard.

Some examples of the great romantic choreographer, Jules Perrot, were still, presumably, badly battered by time, in the repertory of the Imperial Ballet. In the season of 1892–93, Petipa revived *La Sylphide* at the Maryinsky (choreography attributed to Philippe Taglioni, with additional numbers by Drigo to the score; first performance on January 10, 1892), when the harsh criticism it received from the celebrated critics, A. Pleskcheeff and K. Stolkovsky, left no doubt that the Romantic Ballet was regarded as dated. Fokine was at

WALTZ PAS DE DEUX: Margot Fonteyn and Alexis Rassine in the pas de deux. *This is the production of* Les Sylphides *which the Sadler's Wells Ballet gave shortly after their arrival at Covent Garden after the war.* *Photo: Baron*

the Imperial School at this time, and these revivals, or at least the realisation of what the ballets once were like, might have served as an inspiration to the young Russian choreographer.

Fokine's motive in producing such a work, when throughout his career his tendency was towards the strongly dramatic ballet, may well have been an attempt to show his denigrators, who pointed to him as a revolutionary "decadent" that he was capable of sustaining a ballet in the classical vocabulary.

The Chopin music used for the earlier ballet was unsuitable for his new conception, so he gathered together a fresh collection of Chopin piano pieces and had it orchestrated (apart from the Glazunov Waltz, which was retained) by Maurice Keller. The scenery consisted of a fragment of the panorama used for the Imperial Ballet's production of *The Sleeping Princess*.

Confusion About Dates

The date of the first version of *Chopiniana* has been given by Cyril Beaumont (based on "semi-official sources") and by nearly every other subsequent authority, as March 8, 1908, and that of the second version, which Mr. Beaumont says first took place at a student display arranged by Fokine, as April 6, 1908. These dates would pay startling tribute to Fokine's choreographic fecundity, but it seems that they may be incorrect.

The truth of the matter is, to my mind, clearly laid out in a letter written by Fokine to Mr. Beaumont, and printed as a footnote on page 37 of the latter's "Michel Fokine and his Ballets." Fokine explained that the first *Chopiniana*, identified as "a series of pictures of different character," was staged at the same time as the first performance as his ballet *Eunice*, whereas the second version was produced at the same charity performance as *Une Nuit d'Egypte*, the revised version of which appeared in the Diaghilev repertory as *Cléopâtre*. It was the second *Chopiniana* that was, according to Fokine, given at a pupil's display, and not the first. Fokine goes to pains to point out that it (i.e. the second *Chopiniana*) was performed, "by artistes first, and only then by students."

This chronology (which would date the first version as February, 1907, and the *second* as March 8, 1908) has been rejected by Mr. Beaumont, but as it seems that Fokine is hardly likely to be wrong on such a point, and as his statement is amply borne out, with much circumstantial detail by Alexandre Benois ("Reminiscences of the Russian Ballet," page 276), it seems fairly certain that this represents the true sequence of events. The point is of some importance as it indicates that the old-fashioned first version was produced before Fokine came under the influence of Benois and his circle.

1908 was a crucial year for Fokine. He was established as a man of considerable promise and had already undertaken his first collaboration with Benois in *Le Pavillon d'Armide*. He was recognised as a most talented choreographer, and grudgingly respected, even if the diehard balletomane regarded him with the suspicion due to his revolutionary outlook. When in the March of that year Fokine was invited to create two ballets for a charity performance given at the Maryinsky Theatre, St. Petersburg, he obviously decided to demonstrate his already formulated theories for ballet reform.

As well as showing the second version of *Chopiniana*, the programme opened with *Une Nuit d'Egypte*, an early example of a Fokine dance-drama, and the forerunner of all the "exotic" ballets with which he was to excite the whole of Europe. Both of these ballets were included in the original Diaghilev repertory under the new and far more acceptable titles of *Les Sylphides* and *Cléopâtre*.

HEADPIECE AND TAILPIECE: The group in which the principal dancers are discovered at the opening of Les Sylphides, *and to which they return at the final curtain. Markova (left) is seen with John Gilpin, Noël Rossana and Janet Overton in Festival Ballet's production of Fokine's ballet.*
Photo: Duncan Melvin

Enter Benois

For *Les Sylphides* Benois devised an entirely new *décor* and costumes. Benois' *décor*, depicting a ruined Gothic building (surely the vestigial remains of Chopin's monastery at Valdemosa?), its tombs lit by a baleful moon, is the perfect realisation of romanticism, all the more effective for having an inspiration that seems more literary than balletic, more evocative of Horace Walpole than, say, *Giselle*. The female costumes were traditional, but the male costume, consisting of white tights, black doublet and floppy white cravat, though admirable in intention has perhaps proved unhappy in practice. Benois himself disliked it (he has called it "a trifle comic"), and its effect must strike many casual theatre-goers as somewhat effeminate.

The music used for *Les Sylphides* is, in order of performance: *Prélude*, Op. 28, No. 7 (played twice as an overture); *Nocturne*, Op' 32, No. 2; *Valse*, Op. 70, No. 1; *Mazurka*, Op. 33 No. 2; *Mazurka*, Op. 67, No. 3; *Prélude*, Op. 28, No. 7 (on this occasion played three times); *Valse*, Op. 64, No. 2 and *Grande Valse Brillante*, Op. 18.

The orchestration used for the first Diaghilev performance is said by Serge Lifar ("A History of Russian Ballet," page 229) to be Stravinsky's, but as far as I can discover Stravinsky only orchestrated the *Valse Brillante* and the *Nocturne*. However, this was the composer's first commission by the *Ballets Russes*, which were to bring him fame. Everyone seems reticent concerning this original orchestration, but Benois loosely refers to Glazunov (presumably the original *Valse*), Liadov and Tcherepnine (who also conducted the work's first performance in Paris), and it seems to have been the joint work of these four.

It would be wrong to say that *Les Sylphides* was the maddest of successes during Diaghilev's first Paris season (the ballet was first given on June 2, 1909, with Karsavina, Baldina, Nijinsky and, making her Paris début, Pavlova), as it did not equal in popularity the "exotic" ballets, but it has over the years found a unique place in the ballet repertory. There are few companies in the world that do not perform some version of *Les Sylphides*, and it has the distinction of being the only example of Fokine's work left, although I believe unacknowledged, in the Soviet repertory.

Since the war, nearly every major company visiting London has given the work, the main exceptions being the big national companies—the Royal Danish Ballet, the Paris Opéra Ballet, the Bolshoi. Of the two American companies that have had seasons at Covent Garden, Ballet Theatre gave it (using an orchestration by Benjamin Britten), New York City Ballet did not. Smaller foreign groups which have not performed the ballet here include the companies of Roland Petit and Janine Charrat. Les Ballets des Champs-Elysées brought a truncated version bereft of décor and *corps de ballet*.

To be continued next month.

curtain up!

MEETING IN MOSCOW: London impresario Victor Hochhauser (left) talking to the famous Bolshoi ballerina Olga Lepeshinskaya, when he was in Moscow arranging for the forthcoming visits of Soviet companies to Britain next year. In the centre is Edward Ivanyan, Ministry of Culture officer, who was recently in London with the Moscow Variety Theatre. Lepeshinskaya is reported to be heading the company from the Bolshoi who are to visit the Far East and America; later they may come to England.

The Russians are coming

WHEN you think of the time and the tremendous complications involved in last year's visit of the Bolshoi Ballet to Covent Garden, it comes as a surprise to learn that by this time next year we may have been overwhelmed by companies from Soviet Russia.

Yet if everything goes according to plan, this is just what will have happened. Victor Hochhauser, the young London impresario, tells me that he has recently been in Moscow. Amazingly enough (just how coincidental this was is uncertain) he *happened* to be in the Soviet capital just at the time when the Russian Minister of Culture announced that the U.S.S.R. was intending to embark on a series of cultural exchanges with the rest of the world. Hochhauser immediately took advantage of the situation and signed options for no less than three dance companies.

The first to arrive will be the Soviet Cossack Ensemble from the Ukraine, which consists of 100 dancers and musicians. This company opens a four-week season at the Royal Albert Hall on February 19 of next year.

The other company—the Leningrad Kirov Ballet—may possibly appear in London early next year.

The third Soviet company will be another group from the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow, headed by Olga Lepeshinskaya. Possibly this group will be the one that was left behind when the company came to London last year.

All good luck to Victor Hochhauser, who has proved to be "on the ball" as well as "on the spot."

Sabbatical Spectacles

AS regards ballet, Sunday has usually been a dead loss. In the past we have had our Sunday evening hours enlivened by club performances from Ballet Workshop, or the Sadler's Wells Choreographic Group, but even those have now passed from us. However, next year things might be brighter. The Cossack Ensemble, which appears in February in the Royal Albert Hall, will be able to give performances on Sundays. This will be the first time that public ballet performances in costume have ever taken place in London, and will be unique occasions.

I find that the reason why this will be possible is that a special Act of Parliament was once passed which gave the Royal Albert Hall the privilege of presenting Sunday performances in costume. A privilege, it seems, that this concert hall enjoys over all other concert halls and theatres!

The way to the Wilis

WHEN you see a ballerina in the second act of *Giselle* emerging from trees or the earth with hands crossed and head bowed, you imagine that she has prepared herself for this entrance some time before. It's not true!

Markova tells me that the usual comments of the stage hands at Covent Garden as she is going up in the lift for her second-act entrance are almost guaranteed to upset all equilibrium. Recently when she was appearing with the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden she heard a stage hand remark, just as the lift was starting to ascend, "There goes the jet plane to Wililand!"

But the ascent to Wililand is not always so smooth. A few weeks before the occasion just mentioned, a new and expensive series of lifts had been installed. Markova came to the theatre to rehearse with them. She stood on the lift with her hands crossed all ready, the orchestra arrived at the moment for her entrance—and nothing happened. Markova remained firmly planted "underground." In the pause which followed, a subterranean voice was heard to shout: "She ain't 'eavy enough!" The new installation was removed and the previous lifts, requiring about twenty-man power, were reinstated.

BOLSHOI IN LONDON: Resting during a break in the filming last year of the Walpurgisnacht *ballet from* Faust, *members of the Bolshoi Ballet eagerly examine a photograph taken during one of their performances. Photos: Rank Organisation*

"HOW DO WE LOOK?": No, not Paul Czinner directing the Bolshoi film, but a member of the corps de ballet *seeing how* Giselle *looked through the camera. London will see in October this fascinating filmed record of the Bolshoi's visit, Edinburgh during the current Festival.*

The impoverished arts

LORD WAVERLY, Chairman of the Royal Opera House, had some sharp words to say in the recent House of Lords debate on subsidies for the arts. He stated that the present use of the profits of overseas tours to defray current expenditure was "from some points of view a discreditable arrangement." Instead, he wanted a sinking fund to be formed to pay for experimental productions and reduce the opera's large overdraft.

Let us hope that somebody has heeded these words of wisdom. If notice is taken, then that is the first step towards sanity and proper recognition of the arts.

Many people would go further than the noble lord. If the Royal Ballet must undertake long, exhausting and crippling tours, the money raised should be used for the benefit of the still impoverished ballet school, and even for the support and fostering of British ballet generally. The opera should then be given a sufficient subsidy of its own. The present arrangement is certainly discreditable—from *all* points of view.

Addison goes round and round

WHEN the Royal Ballet tours the USA this autumn, they will take with them Errol Addison. He was a prominent dancer in the Diaghilev Ballet and, since the war, with International Ballet, and is famous for his remarkable *pirouettes*.

He is a brilliant teacher and has been largely responsible for the very rapid development of many of the dancers in the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, with which company he has been associated for the past few years. It will be interesting to see what he makes of their elders.

Let's get it clear

WHATEVER anyone may say, the transference of the Royal Ballet (formerly the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet) to the same management as the Royal Ballet (formerly the Sadler's Wells Ballet) is already leading to appalling confusion. German correspondents have been writing in fury at what they think to be a gross deception when the Royal Ballet (formerly S.W.T.B.) appeared in Cologne recently. They were all under the impression that they were going to see what they call "Fonteyn's company"; instead they found what they, unkindly perhaps, called "an inferior school display." This kind of thing is doing us a lot of harm, because foreigners can hardly be expected to know the difference between the two Royal companies.

Now the confusion is going to be even worse confounded, because I hear that the ex-Theatre Ballet are to appear at Covent Garden over the Christmas season. Even British people may be annoyed if they book for this season of Royal Ballet and then find that they are not seeing the company they thought they were going to.

Why cannot the Royal Ballet management follow the example of the Windmill Theatre and label them "A" and "B" companies? It might not accord completely with the dignity of the Royal Charter, but at least the paying public will know what they are going to see.

A ballerina returns

WHEN we hear so much about ballerinas leaving their companies these days, it is a welcome change to hear about one coming back. When Festival Ballet first started in 1950, Nathalie Krassovska was its ballerina. Markova having been ill, Krassovska took over all her rôles and virtually kept the company going through a very difficult period. For many years she was always considered to be the company's ballerina, but two years ago she left. Since then she has toured South America, giving concert performances and recently joined Le Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas. After having given several much-lauded performances in *Giselle*, she was unaccountably dropped, along with several other of the company's stars, after the recent de Cuevas Paris season. Her many admirers will be delighted to know that she is now back again with Festival Ballet—this time, I hope, for keeps.

Disrupted finale

EVERY evening the last ballet in Festival Ballet's programme at the Royal Festival Hall is accompanied by a stream of people leaving to catch last trains and buses—it has become very disturbing. Of course, the real fault lies with the ridiculously inadequate service provided by London Transport and British Railways.

But until something can be done to make these bodies provide proper late-night facilities, it would seem worth while for Festival Ballet to consider seriously a start earlier than 8 o'clock —or shorter intervals.

Transferees and absentees

MARGARET HILL, that fine ex-Rambert dancer who so distinguished herself during the recent Royal Ballet season at Sadler's Wells Theatre, has been transferred to the other Royal Ballet stationed in Covent Garden. She will, I understand, give some performances in America of her brilliant portrayal of the girl in MacMillan's *Solitaire* during the forthcoming tour.

Absent from this last season were Sara Neil (Mrs. Walter Trevor) and Leslie White. White, a character dancer of unusual promise, was nursing an injured ankle; Sara Neil is expecting a baby.

Premature Swan Song

PEOPLE become rather confused with swan ballets. The other night in Festival Hall we were about to see the second act of *Swan Lake* —the one in which the Swan Queen appears and falls in love with the Prince.

The girl in the next seat turned to her friend and demanded: "How many acts are there in *Swan Lake*?" "Two!" replied her friend. "Oh!" exclaimed the first girl, "then this will be the Dying Swan bit."

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happy birthday to...

		September
Lucette Aldous	Ballet Rambert	26
Yves Cousineau	Canadian National Ballet	27
Flemming Flindt	Festival Ballet	30
Arnott Mader	Royal Ballet	30
		October
Ninette d'Amboise	New York City Ballet	1
Maureen Webster	Festival Ballet	1
Tanaquil LeClercq	New York City Ballet	2
Erik Bruhn	Ballet Theatre	3
Andrée Howard	British choreographer	3
Serge Grigorieff	Royal Ballet organisation	5
Hélène Trailine	Les Ballets 1956	6
Merle Park	Royal Ballet	8
Lois Smith	Canadian National Ballet	8
Denys Palmer	Television choreographer	9
Douglas Steuart	Royal Ballet	9
Darrell Notara	Ballet Theatre	9
Jill Gregory	Royal Ballet organisation	10
Jennifer Dodd	Ballet Rambert	12
Barbara Walczak	New York City Ballet	13
Ronald Emblen	Festival Ballet	14
William Guske	Ballet Theatre	15
Marjorie Tallchief	Concert performances	19
Kenneth Sudell	Festival Ballet	19
Alan Woodard	Festival Ballet	20
Gloria Campbell	Royal Winnipeg Ballet	21
George Tomal	Ballet Theatre	21
Lydia Lopokova		21
Nadia Nerina	Royal Ballet	21
John Field	Royal Ballet organisation	22
Glenn Gibson	Canadian National Ballet	22
Pamela Darke	Royal Ballet	23
Pamela Hart	Festival Ballet	23
Shirley Grahame	Royal Ballet	24
David Kerval	Canadian National Ballet	25

Dancer You Will Know

As the Girl in the Ball Dress from Apparitions. *Photo: Angus McBean*

MARGARET LEE

BORN in Brisbane, Australia, where she received her first dance training from Pat Mead. In 1953 *she came to England, where she studied first at the Phyllis Bedells School. At the end of the same year she joined the Royal Ballet School. Her stage début was made with the Covent Garden Opera Ballet in* Aida, *and in February* 1954 *she became a member of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet (latterly the Royal Ballet).*

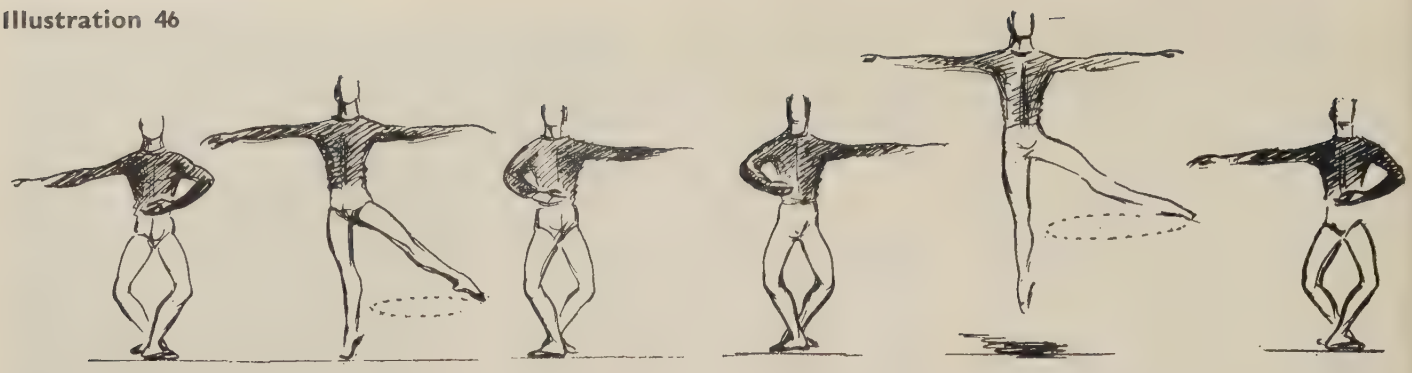
Rôles: Myrthe in Giselle; *Leading Swan in* Swan Lake; *White Skater in* Les Patineurs; *Beatrice in* The Haunted Ballroom; *The Woman in the Ball Dress in* Apparitions; *Essentialist Artist in* Café des Sports.

WHEN the Royal Ballet newly from Covent Garden (formerly the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet) re-forms after its summer holidays it will perforce have a new list of soloists, and among the dancers to gain promotion is Margaret Lee. Following the exodus of more than half of the company's female soloists, the opportunities for those remaining behind will obviously be good, and during the next year or so Margaret Lee will have the chance to establish herself.

Her first rôle of any importance was in the comedy *pas de trois* of "essentialist" artists in *Café des Sports*. Until the beginning of last season her progress was comparatively slow, but then she was given the Queen of the Wilis in *Giselle* and the leading rôle in *Apparitions*. Next season, if all goes well, I understand that there is a strong possibility that she will dance Swanilda in *Coppélia*.

Physically one of her greatest assets is a particularly beautiful jump, which is outstanding in *Giselle*. In the white *pas de deux* in *Les Patineurs* she has shown a very easy technique, and both here and as the Woman in the Ball Dress in *Apparitions*, she gives clear signs of possessing a distinctive personality. But this is still in its chrysalis stage and she is going to need all the help she can get from her teachers during the next few months, which are likely to prove crucial to her career.

Illustration 46



Ronde de jambe en l'air en dehors *with* relevé *from fifth position.*

Ronde de jambe en l'air en dedans *with* sauté *from fifth position.*

STEPS OF THE DANCE 27

by

BARBARA VERNON and JOHN GREGORY

Illustrated by EILEAN PEARCEY

BARRE IN THE CENTRE

Group 3: Ronds de jambes

Ronds de Jambes par Terre: The *rond de jambe par terre* is not greatly used in the centre in this school; and as Madame Karsavina says: "I cannot think why?" It might well be included sometimes with *battement fondu, frappé enchaînement,* or with the *rond de jambe en l'air,* for it serves a useful purpose in consolidating the turn-out.

Rond de Jambe en Dehors: Standing in first position, knees well pulled up; arms open to fourth position, the working leg slides from first position forward to fourth position, instep fully stretched, and describes a semi-circle through second position, tip of the toe skimming the floor, to fourth position back; closing again in first position.

Rond de Jambe en Dedans: The same movement in reverse. In each case care must be taken not to displace hip of the working leg. The turn-out must be maintained with hips square to the front. Throughout, effort should be made to keep the heel of the working leg well forward.

Ronds de Jambes en l'Air (see also description in Barre-work. Article No. 10): Whereas in the barre-work the *ronds de jambes* are executed in the stationary position, in the centre they are performed in *enchaînement* travelling with *relevé, sauté,* and *en promenade.* The working leg slides out from fifth position to a low second position *en l'air,* and the lower leg describes an oval movement, the tip of the toe coming in to mid-calf and out again. The movement is controlled from the groin; the thigh remains still, the seat well tucked-in. Arms are opened to fourth position; or alternatively the arm corresponding to the working leg may be lifted to the third position.

Rond de Jambe en l'Air en Dehors: From fifth position the front leg slides out to second position *en l'air* fully stretched to the height of supporting calf; bending knee, lower leg (from knee to toe) is brought directly in to mid-calf, and with a slight curve forward opens out again to second position *en l'air.* This movement of the lower leg should be executed with a pressure forward on the inner side of the instep, so that the heel is kept well forward. The working leg may remain *en l'air* or may be closed to fifth position back, according to the step that follows.

Rond de Jambe en l'Air en Dedans: From fifth position the back leg slides out to second position *en l'air* fully stretched to height of supporting calf. With a slight curve forward (but taking care not to let the knee roll forward), the lower leg from knee to toe is brought in to mid-calf and opened again to second position. When the *rond de jambe* finishes in fifth position, the working leg closes in front.

In all *ronds de jambes en l'air* the accent is on the outward extension.

Rond de Jambe en l'Air with Relevé: As the working leg slides out from fifth position *en plié,* or on straight legs, to describe the *rond de jambe,* the supporting leg rises with a smooth pressure to *demi-pointe,* or *pointe.*

Rond de Jambe en l'Air with Sauté: From *plié* in fifth position, the working leg slides out to describe the *rond de jambe,* as the other leg pushes from the floor and stretches fully beneath the body with the rise into the air. The landing will be *en plié* on supporting leg with working leg in *sur le cou de pied,* or *à la seconde* extension; or the working leg may close in fifth position.

Ronds de Jambes en l'Air en Promenade: In which the body revolves slowly on supporting leg as the working leg executes a series of *ronds de jambes en l'air.* The *promenade* or "walk-round" is accomplished by means of the supporting heel being pushed over the floor quickly but smoothly. With each lifting of the heel it travels an inch or so on the way. The heel is *not* lifted high from the floor, just sufficiently to enable it to travel.

In travelling *en dedans* the heel makes a forward movement, in *en dehors* it makes a backward movement.

Renversé en Dedans: Mostly used in *adage* or with *rond de jambe en l'air enchaînement.* From fifth position *en plié,* back leg lifts with high *développé* to *écarté* front as supporting leg rises *en relevé* to *demi-pointe.* Arm related to working leg lifts to third position palm downward. Head looks up in direction of the arm. This is a dynamic movement, from which working leg drops *tombé* to fourth position *en croisé*; the lifted arm coming down to second position. The movement usually finishes with *pas de bourrée en tournant en dehors.*

Grand Pas de Basque: From fifth position *en plié,* front leg is thrown straight up into the air, and with a push from the floor other leg follows after. Simultaneously arms are lifted from first through second to third position. Front leg lands first, followed immediately by the other leg, which closes fifth position in front *en plié.* Arms open to fourth position with the landing. May also be performed with bent knees *en l'air.*

Grand Pas de Basque en Tournant: The same as described; but after landing in fifth position *en plié,* the body revolves with a *soutenu en tournant en dehors,* finishing fifth position *en plié.*

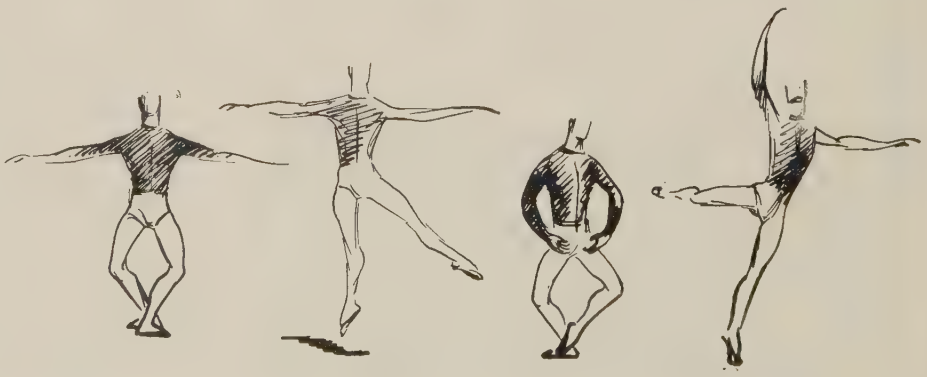
Gargouillade: An elaborate step with a "period" flavour that is seldom performed in our school. From fifth position *en plié,* front leg performs *rond de jambe en dehors* remaining open in second position; with a push from supporting leg weight is transferred to the working leg. Immediately upon landing, the other leg, which is opened to second position, executes *rond de jambe en dedans,* and is lowered to fifth position front, or fourth position *croisé.*

EXAMPLES OF ENCHAÎNEMENTS INCORPORATING RONDS DE JAMBES EN L'AIR

(*a*) *Failli.* Counts and 1,
Glissade derrière. Counts and 2,
Rond de jambe en dedans with *relevé* closing fifth position front. Counts and 3,

continued on page 42

Ronde de jambe en l'air en dehors sauté *landing* sur le cou de pied *and stepping to* piqué attitude effacé.



The Elements of Choreography

by JEAN DEMBITZKA

BORN in Poland, Jean Dembitzka started her studies in Vienna and rose to become assistant to Professor Grete Grosse at the Vienna Academy of Music and Art. Later she appeared in the productions of Max Reinhardt and also studied with Harald Kreutzberg in Salzburg and Leon Woizikovsky in Poland. In 1939 she was in Russian-occupied Poland and was able to work at the Opera and with members of the Bolshoi.

After the war she went to Paris and then emigrated to Australia, where she was chosen to dance and choreograph for the first National Opera company of Australia. She has since created many dance productions in the leading Australian cities.

This article is taken from Jean Dembitzka's book on choreography for which negotiations are well ahead for publication in England in the near future. A further excerpt will appear next month.

THE word, choreography, comes from the ancient Greek and consists of two words, Khorea—dancing, and Graphos—writing (also designing).

The meaning of choreography has to be extended to creativeness, which is the real work of a choreographer. It differs also from dance composition.

Dance composition is used in classes to develop the linking of dance steps, interpretation of music, themes given by the teacher, or ideas thought up by the students.

Every teacher uses dance composition in his own way. To transfer dance composition from the classroom to the stage, is the first step, which is done in nearly every dancing school. The best dancers are chosen, the most advanced pupils perform, and if the critic is kind, everybody is happy.

Where and what is the difference? The difference consists in the lack of representation. Choreography represents; dance composition interprets.

Many choreographers who are working on a ballet fail to keep up the line of fulfilment, which is very often felt in the beginning, they are carried away by the originality of a sudden dea, and instead of following their first intention, they lose themselves in small attractive little tricks.

How often has it happened, when watching a ballet, the spectator feels the disconnection between the start and the finish.

Everyone who deals with choreography should remember his duty to his performers as well as his work. He has a much harder task than the painter or sculptor. He deals with living material. Canvas or clay can be thrown out, dancers can only be exchanged.

How many good ballets could be produced if one could use only very experienced dancers, to have music specially written according to the story, a big stage, a designer for costumes and décor, a lighting expert and the money to pay for all this.

There are companies who have all this, although very few, and they sometimes produce ballets which are not up to their standard.

I am not criticising, my wish is only to make everybody aware of what could be done. The choreographer should think of the responsibility not only to his work and to himself, but to the dancers he uses.

In this part of my book I am trying to combine everything of elements on choreography, that could be of any use for teachers, dancers and students.

I felt myself utterly lost when I first started to choreograph, not knowing all that I required. Through years of discontent, unsatisfied, always looking for new ways, searching and trying to find the explanation behind the work, I would like to pass on my knowledge to others and to help to develop choreography as an outstanding art by itself.

Remember, whatever has to be performed, no matter where, on big or small stages in film or TV, it should represent the action, the feeling and the inspiration, and come from the performer to the auditorium as whole work of sincerity.

Try to bring out the highest degree of quality from every performer. To choreograph a school concert is a very big problem for the teacher. All the pupils have to perform, however they look and dance. You have to adapt parts for big girls, when small should perform them, to give to everyone the main part, you have to be very original in your ideas, you are not able to use any complicated form of dance, as some pupils are only beginners and so on.

JEAN DEMBITZKA
Photo: Leicagraph, Sydney

I know all this from my own experience, and can only suggest to you the way I learned. Back to the elements, absorbing and controlling your impromptu work, comparing your ideas with style, time and rhythm of the whole work, adding and taking off when necessary.

Going through all aspects of choreography, like stage, space, structure, music, rhythm, costume, lighting and special accents and effects, these are your problems and, therefore, it is essential to have working knowledge of all these.

The static elements of the dance or ballet are: stage—décor—costumes.

The active elements: space—structure—music—rhythm and light.

NEXT MONTH Jean Dembitzka will write about the use of space in choreography.

NEW BOOKS

Round The World With Pavlova

My Years with Pavlova by H. Algeranoff. (Heinemann, 25*s*.)

CONTRARY to what many people seem to think, it is not possible for the ordinary critic—someone who only sees ballet from the front—to write with a level head about an artist who has been dead for 26 years. A quarter of a century dims the memory and perception and a veil descends which blurs all shortcomings. The case is different when somebody has been closely connected with a person from the performing side of the footlights. Records of Pavlova's associates are valuable not so much for their criticisms of her performance (dancers are usually the worst critics), but for their preservation of little incidents and amusing anecdotes which give far greater insight into this remarkable woman than many hundreds of words spilled in high-flown praise of her performance. We go to on-the-spot critics for assessment of her dancing, but to find the real Pavlova, the dynamo which fired the spark, we have to listen with gratitude to members of her company.

Seldom can there have been a ballerina who affected so many people in so many different ways. No two people seem to write about her in the same way and contradictions abound. Algeranoff joined Pavlova's company in its last decide, but in this time he travelled all over the world. His great interest in the dances of the far eastern countries brought him into closer contact with the great ballerina than might have been the case otherwise. Through these trans-world ramblings, Pavlova's character emerges. Perhaps in these later years she mellowed, but in Algeranoff's eyes she shows up as a goddess—her deep intelligence, her numerous kindnesses to her company and, above all, the great "star" quality which burned through her whole career, whether in the theatre or in private life.

Of the greatest interest is Algeranoff's description of Pavlova in *Giselle*. It seems that she became so carried away in the Mad Scene that at one performance she almost strangled an attendant peasant girl. Joan Ward, who was playing the mother, had to separate the two before actual murder was committed. Her final collapse in the first act was something so real that the company often ran from the stage in terror. In the second act the Wilis would wear grey draperies rather than the conventional Romantic white ballet skirt. They were, apparently, far more frightening than the rather prissy collection of ladies we now see so beautifully regimented in Kensingtonian rows—real furies. In this same act when Pavlova leapt into the arms of her partner, she seemed to disappear into the air. In hundreds of times of seeing her, Algeranoff does not remember ever seeing her put down from a lift.

Apart from this obviously valuable record of Pavlova as artist and person, this book helps to remind us of a British male dancer who has possibly not received his full due. Algeranoff began his dancing career in 1920; more or less at the same time that Anton Dolin began his. At that time in Britain, male dancers were not smiled upon as they are today. There was no precedent and they were considered to be rather like freaks. What is more, Algeranoff was an extremely fine character dancer and that is the branch of dancing art at which Britons have seldom excelled, failing as we have to produce any notable background of folk dancing. A strong strain of folklore is what makes strong character dancers. Therefore Algeranoff's contribution to British ballet history was all the more remarkable. As a reminder of this and for his most notable addition to Pavloviana, this volume is exceedingly welcome.

P.W.

NEW RECORDS
Reviewed by DAVID HUNT

At Last—A Complete *Swan Lake*

Tchaikovsky: *The Swan Lake*, Grand Ballet in Four Acts, Op. 20. Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra (Antal Dorati). Mercury MRL 2528-30. 3 12in. 119*s*. 10½*d*.

THE only productions of the full-length *Swan Lake* ever seen in London—including those by the Royal Ballet and the Bolshoi—have been danced to an arrangement of the music carried out by Riccardo Drigo for what the Russians call the Petipa-Ivanov-Drigo-Modest Tchaikovsky production of 1895. An almost complete recording of that familiar, but hardly definitive, version of the score has been available since 1952, conducted by Fistoulari on Decca LXT2681-2.

Now, thanks to Dorati and Mercury, we can hear for the first time a complete performance of all the music Tchaikovsky wrote—or at least got as far as orchestrating—for the by now almost legendary first production of 1877, and what is equally important, with all the items played in correct sequence.

The whole subject has become so clouded in confusions and contradictions that before discussing the performance it might be as well to attempt to sort out the historical facts.

Tchaikovsky was commissioned to write the ballet in 1875 by the directors of the Moscow Imperial Theatres, for a fee of 800 roubles (then about £85). "Quite apart from the fact that I need the money," he wrote to Rimsky-Korsakov, "I have accepted the work because I have long had a wish to try my hand at this kind of music." He worked on the score, with some interruptions, from August, 1875, until April, 1876, in the Ukrainian village of Verbovka, and later in Moscow. In a letter to his brother Modest, dated November 12, 1875, he wrote: "This week-end I am going to Kostya Shilovsky (a village) so that I can avoid the festive rush that is part of the holidays in Moscow and am going to work only on the ballet, which I must finish by all means possible as soon as I can. Last night, in the hall of the theatre-school, there was a first rehearsal of some of the numbers from the first act. Everyone in the theatre is delighted with my music."

Little is known about the first production at the Bolshoi Theatre on February 20, 1877, beyond the facts that the presentation was generally poor and the choreographer, Julius Reisinger, and the conductor were incompetent to deal with so rich and complex a score, which was heavily cut and padded out with music by other composers. The same mutilated version of the score was used when the ballet was revived at the Bolshoi in 1880, and again in 1882, with new choreography by Olaf Hansen.

After Tchaikovsky's death the director of the Maryinsky Theatre, Ivan Vsevolozhsky, decided to stage *Swan Lake* in Petersburg and asked Modest Tchaikovsky to revise the scenario and Drigo to edit the music. Act 2 was produced first, in 1894, with choreography by Ivanov, the famous Petipa-Ivanov full version following a year later. Again considerable cuts were made, and the order of numbers changed around, while three piano pieces from Tchaikovsky's Op. 72 were incorporated into the score, orchestrated by Drigo—*Espiègle*, for Odile's third-act variation, and the *Valse Bluette* and *A Little of Chopin* to lengthen the originally only 15 minutes long last act.

Later Russian productions made changes in the score according to the whims of individual choreographers and conductors; but until recently all were based in the main on the Drigo edition, though Tchaikovsky's original had been freely available since 1895, when Jurgenson had published the orchestral score, identical with the original manuscript. A piano reduction made by N. Kashkin, also based on the autograph, had appeared as early as 1876; while the well-known piano score by E. Langer follows the Drigo version.

To celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary of the first production of *Swan Lake*, the Tchaikovsky Museum at Klin, just outside Moscow, put on an exhibition in 1952 embodying the results of researches carried out by the staff on the exact history of the ballet and the numerous changes Tchaikovsky's original conception had suffered over the years at the hands of conductors and producers. It was this exhibition which inspired Bourmeister to stage his famous 1953 Stanislavsky Theatre production based on the original score, but also making use of material Tchaikovsky left in sketch form, which was specially orchestrated for the production. Bourmeister's intention was at first to choreograph the entire ballet afresh, but when it came to the point he could not bring himself to replace Ivanov's wonderful choreography for the second act.

This meant retaining Drigo's altered sequence of musical numbers for this act, which Tchaikovsky himself considered "the best in all respects." For this, Bourmeister was rebuked by two members of the Tchaikovsky Museum staff in an article published in the August, 1953, number of *Soviet Music*, who pointed out that the changes made by Petipa, Ivanov and Drigo had "spoiled the musical development and also that of the character of Odette, destroying the logic and continuity between the different dances by bringing in an atmosphere of divertissement into this poetic act." The truth of this is made abundantly clear by Dorati's recording, which, being of the Jurgenson 1895 edition, gives all the music in the order Tchaikovsky intended.

As with Dorati's earlier Mercury recordings of the complete *Sleeping Beauty* and *The Nutcracker*, there are a number of surprises. The so-called "Black Swan" *pas de deux* is restored to its rightful place as a dance for the Prince and a female guest in Act I. Drigo's *Espiègle* interpolation is of course not played, but we now discover that the polka variation which is sometimes used, in a version orchestrated by Drigo, as an alternative variation for the Prince in the "Black Swan," is actually the fast coda to the girl's *andante* variation, and, like it, includes a brilliant solo violin part. The *pas de trois* in the first act contains a "new" and captivating *andante sostenuto* variation, coming immediately after the *intrada*. The male dancer's variation has a repeat of the opening "jetés" section which is also never played. The act ends, not with the Polonaise, but with the first statement of the "swan theme" which leads into an imposing climax in the major.

In Act II, apart from the changed order of dances already mentioned, the only differences are the inclusion of 69 bars in the music for Odette's first encounter with Siegfried, usually omitted in our productions but which the Bolshoi used, and a startling fast coda to the main *pas de deux*. The latter, I would suggest, is an instance of Tchaikovsky bowing to the classical ballet conventions of his day; and, shattering as it does the mood of rapt enchantment created by the *pas de deux* proper, its suppression by Drigo was surely entirely justified. Nevertheless it is most intriguing to hear the dance as Tchaikovsky conceived it.

The third act contains the greatest amount of unfamiliar music, almost the entire second half of the first of the two sides devoted to this act being taken up by a lengthy *pas de six*, which was presumably intended as a vehicle for the six potential brides to show off their various charms. With the exception of the *andante con moto* second variation, which the Bolshoi interpolated into the last act as a *pas de deux* for Odette and Siegfried at the end of the opening *andante* section of the finale, there will be few people in this country who have heard a note of this *pas de six*. I found it absolutely fascinating and friends to whom I have played the records have been quite bowled over by it, especially the rousing coda, one of those exciting Tchaikovsky theatrical *tours-de-force* which can be guaranteed to bring down the house no matter how indifferently danced. The character dances begin

THE FIRST PETRUSHKA:

This striking record-sleeve design for the new Mercury recording of Petrushka, *reviewed this month, carries a dramatic photograph of Vaslav Nijinsky, the creator of the title-role in Fokine's famous ballet when it was first produced at the Théâtre du Châtelet, Paris, in* 1911 *by the Diaghilev Ballet. The picture is in its original black and white with attractively coloured lettering.*

with the Dance of the Corps de Ballet and Dwarfs, which the Bolshoi includes and the Royal Ballet omits. The national divertissements also include a brilliant Russian Dance with an extremely difficult violin solo, finely played here. This was relegated to an appendix in the Jurgenson score, presumably because Tchaikovsky wrote it, so it is said, under protest, Reisinger having demanded a character solo for *Odette!* It is the same music which Pavlova used, differently orchestrated, for her *Russian Dance* divertissement. Here it is played between the Neapolitan Dance and the Mazurka.

The last act brings no surprises beyond the revelation of hearing the music freed from Drigo's tamperings, and in a magnificent performance that makes the utmost of the finale's thrilling symphonic sweep and grandeur. Some usual cuts, including one in the "transformation" music at the end, are restored.

The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra give a virtuoso performance of the great score that puts into the shade the efforts of any theatre orchestra I have ever heard, including even that of the Bolshoi Orchestra under Fayer on an abridged recording of the ballet on some Russian LPs I have. Dorati's direction throughout is masterly and compelling, his generally fairly lively tempi nearer to Fayer's than in the more usual heavy-footed routine account of the music such as one is likely to encounter at Covent Garden. The recording is powerful and sharply focused, and anyone who cares at all about *Swan Lake* will regard the set as a "must."

Britten's *Pagodas*

Britten: *The Prince of the Pagodas*, Op. 57. Orchestra of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden (Benjamin Britten). Decca LXT5336-7. 2 12in. 79*s*. 11*d*.

TCHAIKOVSKY'S first ballet had to wait 80 years for a complete recording; Britten's (one hopes that he will go on to write many more) has now become available on two superbly-engineered Decca discs, only a few months after its world première by the Royal Ballet.

Like *Swan Lake* to begin with, *The Prince of the Pagodas* could well be described as an important full-length ballet in search of a choreographer, and the parallel also holds good in that it too seems destined for a period of pruning and patching before it settles down in the world repertoire—as it surely will, eventually—as one of the major ballets of the century. First thoughts are not always best, but one might question the wisdom of making changes in a score as tautly constructed and closely integrated as this; although I understand that the revision the ballet has recently undergone has been carried out with Britten's willing consent and co-operation.

Here then is a virtually complete performance, with only minor abridgments and cuts, of a masterly score for a ballet still in a state of flux, music which cries out for choreography to match it in inventive richness and depth, as well as scenery that does not quarrel with the clean, vibrant and delicate colouring of its orchestration. It came as no surprise to me to discover that the music sounds not one whit less impressive when divorced from the stage action, for on the last occasion when I heard it at Covent Garden I sat through the greater part of the performance with my eyes closed. The records are, in fact, sufficient proof in themselves that first-rate ballet music can be more satisfying when heard in isolation than when coupled with the distressing visual distractions of choreography and production unworthy of it. The performance, under Britten's authoritative direction, is everything that could possibly be wished for.

The score is of course inseparably tied up with the events and characters of the ballet's story; but, as Donald Mitchell rightly says in his invaluable sleeve-note: "once the themes (and instrumentation) associated with the principal *dramatis personae* have been assimilated, the music does the rest of the listener's work for him: there is no surer, more explicit guide to the narrative of the *Pagodas* than Britten's score."

The Best *Petrushka*

Stravinsky: *Petrushka.* Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra (Antal Dorati). Mercury MRL 2523. 12in. 39*s*. 11½*d*.

THE blaze of gorgeous orchestral sound that comes off this disc greatly outclasses all previous recordings of Stravinsky's masterpiece, including Ansermet's celebrated Decca version. The Ansermet still sounds very well, but this is a sensationally brilliant piece of engineering, even for Mercury, every detail of the complex score standing out with an astonishing degree of clarity and in correct relation to the whole with not the slightest trace of distortion. The only slight blemish is a surface swish on the second side, but this may well be a local fault peculiar to my copy.

The performance, more intense than Ansermet's, has tremendous vitality. All the bustle and excitement of the opening and closing fairground scenes is wonderfully depicted and the scenes in Petrushka's and the Moor's cells are so vividly characterised that at the end you feel as if you have been following the action with the eye as well as with the ear. Dorati's performances of the ballet when he was principal conductor of the de Basil company were always extremely satisfying, but here he has a magnificent orchestra at his disposal.

FAMOUS BALLET CONDUCTOR, Antal Dorati, formerly musical director of the de Basil Ballet Russe, completes his recording of the three full-length Tchaikovsky ballets with a definitive Swan Lake, *and also directs his own Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra in the new* Petrushka, *both reviewed this month.*

IVANOV'S ODETTE: The Italian ballerina Pierina Legnani, who danced the Swan Queen in the first performance of Ivanov's production of the second act of Swan Lake *in* 1894, *and the dual role of Odette-Odile in the full-length version by Petipa and Ivanov the following year. An illustration from Slonimsky's* Tchaikovsky and the Ballet Theatre, *published last year in Moscow.*

Casella's *Jar*

Casella: *La Giara—Suite Sinfonica.* Respighi: *The Pines of Rome.* Orchestra of the Accademia di Santa Cecilia, Rome (Fernando Previtali), with Felice Luzi (tenor). Decca LXT5278. 12in. 39*s*. 11½*d*.

LAST month Noël Goodwin wrote about the Milloss version of Casella's *La Giara* given at this year's Florence Festival. The original production had choreography by Jean Borlin, décor by Giorgio di Chirico, and was first presented at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées in November, 1924. The ballet entered the Sadler's Wells repertoire ten years later, with new choreography by Ninette de Valois and décor by William Chappell, when Walter Gore scored a notable success as the tinker who rather stupidly seals himself inside a huge oil jar while repairing it.

The idea of making a ballet out of Pirandello's short story came when Borlin, Casella and Pirandello were holidaying in Sicily, where the action takes place. Casella's bright and breezy music could be described as an intriguing, if rather incongruous, mixture of folk influences and sophistication *à la* Poulenc. If anyone ever thinks of doing a satire on Parisian ballet of the 'twenties, this would be just the thing—the smart set of *Les Biches*, say, masquerading as Sicilian peasants, with the chic Hostess's long cigarette-holder protruding through the chink in the jar instead of the tinker's pipe.

The concert suite played on the record gives about two-thirds of the complete score, and includes Casella's racy adaptation of the chiòvu (the Sicilian variant of the tarantella) and the tenor solo *The Story of the Girl Carried off by Pirates*, a genuine folksong, captivatingly sung by Felice Luzi in the Sicilian dialect. The Santa Cecilia Orchestra play with vigour and precision, and on the reverse give a very good account of Respighi's *The Pines of Rome.*

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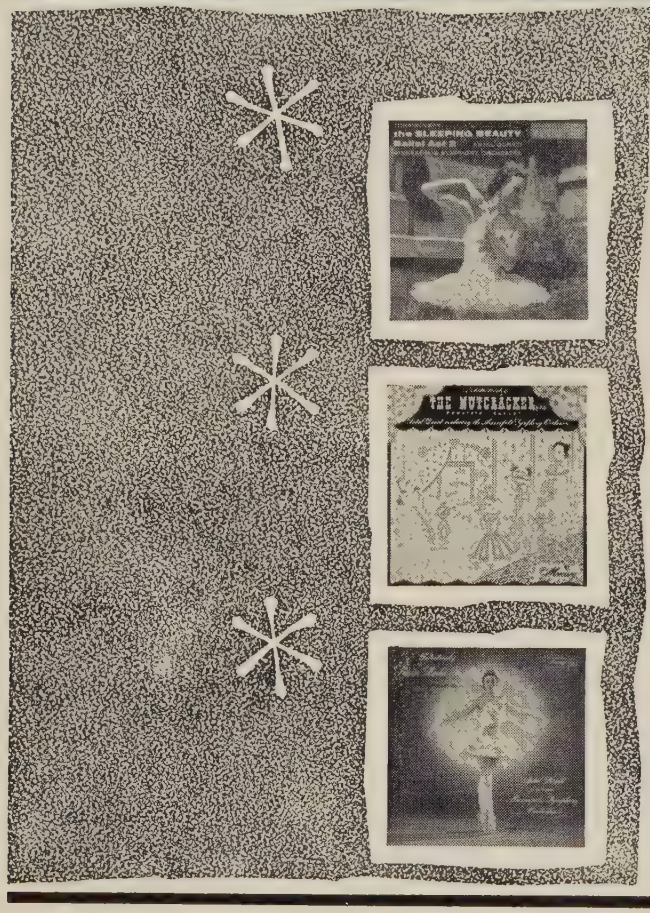

Tchaikovsky

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THE ROYAL BALLET AT SADLER'S WELLS

Farewell after 11 years

THE Royal Ballet, formerly the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, formerly the Sadler's Wells Opera Ballet, formerly—by virtue of an extraordinary printer's slip on the programme of its very first appearance—the Sadler's Wells Ballet-Opera, opened what may well be its last season at the Sadler's Wells Theatre on July 2. When the season ended on July 20, and the dancers went off on their well-deserved holidays, the company was scheduled to reform under what restaurants call entirely new management. The links with Sadler's Wells are to be formally broken, and the company is to come under the protection and guidance of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

For over 11 years Dame Ninette's second company has made its home in Rosebery Avenue. During that time its personnel has changed (three dancers of the original group are still associated with it, but even their service has not been continuous), its name has changed, and its function has changed. Like any typically British institution it has evolved by a perilous process of unnatural selection. Our national genius for compromise has kept it alive, but only at the expense of the fundamentally idealistic aims that prompted its formation. Originally planned to combine the utilitarian purpose of providing a ballet company for the Sadler's Wells Opera, with the ambitious aims of developing new dancers, new choreographers and new ideas, it has now become the national ballet of the Provinces, doing for England what it seems the "fabulous" dollar-earning Covent Garden company can only do for America.

The company's London season was in some ways disappointing, and a sad anti-climax to the hope it engendered on its previous visit to the capital a year ago.

After a year of continuous touring, culminating in an exhausting European trip, both the dancers and the productions looked, on the whole, worn and tired. In 1956 the company was having the first London season after its near collapse brought about by financial difficulties and internal dissensions a year earlier. The company had pulled itself together in a quite remarkable fashion. Its young dancers tackled their new rôles with immense enthusiasm, many of them showing considerable individual improvement. A fine new ballet, MacMillan's *Solitaire*, was produced, morale was high and the company seemed to be developing a personality of its own

A year without creation

Now the picture has changed. Creatively the company has produced nothing of any value during the past 12 months. A reproduction of *Giselle* and a revival of Ashton's *Apparitions* have been the only additions to the repertory. The teachers, John Field, Errol Addison, Henry Legerton and Joan Blakeney, have done wonders in keeping up the standard of technique, and the dancers have worked like tired but willing slaves to give of their best. Yet their efforts, for me at least, have been sabotaged by something like a lack of artistic direction revealing itself in miscasting and poor production. Showmanship has been offered in place of artistry, dancers have been allowed to improvise for cheap laughs, ballets have been produced with little understanding or regard for their essential atmosphere.

Of course I am being harsh. The season has drawn large and enthusiastic audiences, and the general critical reaction has been most favourable. Some nights during the season, I have heard the cheers and felt in a minority of one, and while I can record this as a fact, I can only write the way I personally think.

If, as I believe, something is wrong with the junior branch of the Royal Ballet, the question must arise, what can be done to put it right? Here we have a grand bunch of dancers, good teachers, and, so far as I can judge, competent direction, all failing to do themselves full justice. It should be one of the best companies in Europe, and highly talented people are bending themselves over backwards to make it just that, and to my mind failing in the attempt.

It must be admitted that no company is going to be seen at its best at the fag-end of an exhausting tour. Allowances must be made for that, and also for the bad luck that denied the company the services of one of its three ballerinas for the entire season. The management is passing through a period of the cruellest financial difficulty and although the lack of new creations must be deplored, it can, in part, also be understood. (I say in part, because the tightness of their purse-strings has never prevented the Ballet Rambert or Festival Ballet from producing something new—but of course it must be remembered that the Royal Ballet directors do not really control their own finances).

Yet when these allowances have been made one comes across the difficulties for which there is no easy remedy, the difficulties that lie at the heart of the company's present constitution. The clear clarion call uttered by Dame Ninette de Valois in her 20-year-old book *Invitation to the Ballet* is perhaps today a little like the blue-prints of a great opposition leader who has almost unexpectedly been called upon to form a government. Nevertheless much of it is as true now as in the very different circumstances in which it was originally written.

Moral from Dame Ninette

In this book Dame Ninette suggested that the *ideal* (the word must, in fairness, be stressed) number of performances for a repertory company should be three a week. She continued by pointing out that this is nothing like as hard as the work of a continually travelling repertory company performing every night, "but it is . . . about as much as any young artist should be permitted to take on when faced with the necessity of continual progress and endeavouring to find special time for extra study. *Under more stringent circumstances the fulfilment of such an important necessity is out of the question.*" There you are—the italics are mine, the moral is Dame Ninette's.

Now what do we do? The circumstances are inescapably far from ideal. Do we throw up our hands and shut up shop, or do we try to give the dancers a better deal than they are at present receiving. The Royal Ballet for many reasons, not least the insistence of the Arts Council, has got to keep one company more or less permanently on tour. Within that given framework it has somehow to be ensured that the dancers are not artistically slaughtered by overwork, staleness and boredom. Surely it is no coincidence that at the end of the present season over half of the company's listed female stars and soloists, and nearly a quarter of the entire company are, or so I understand, for one reason or the other, not returning.

The only entirely satisfactory answer I can see is to double the numbers of the company, and to ensure that no dancer, not even the humblest member of the *corps de ballet*, is called upon to endure the rigours of touring for more than two months at a stretch. Perhaps this sounds like pie in the sky, yet now with the virtual amalgamation (or at least possibility towards that end) of the company with the Covent Garden group this may not be impossible. Certainly Covent Garden would need to devote more money to the ballet, but I for one will not be satisfied that ballet gets its fair share of Covent Garden's admittedly small subsidy-cake until publicly audited accounts are produced by the Opera House showing outgoing and incoming expenditure, properly broken down for both ballet and opera. Mr. Webster has said that such a break-down is impossible, but the ballet audience has the right to demand these accounts, if necessary by means of Parliamentary pressure on the Treasury. Our internationally accepted ballet has just as much right to a square deal as our less celebrated opera. And no one can say whether or not it is getting it until those accounts are produced.

Howard ballet returns

The first night of the season showed the restoration to the repertory of Andrée Howard's supremely evocative ballet *La Fête Etrange*, after too long an absence. It is one of those ballets of which even a bad performance is worthwhile, and the present production was far from bad. Yet it lacked understanding; the Proustian atmosphere (the ballet is, in fact, freely adapted from a novel by Alain Fournier) was missing, and the production descended a staircase of tiny failures down to the first-floor level of the commonplace.

The work's central situation, the most delicate of emotional triangles between a girl and two men, depends for its effectiveness on the subtlest of playing from its principals. This it did not get. The time was when Anne Heaton could be numbered among the finest of the Châtelaines, but her maturity has left adolescent rapture behind, and her beautiful dancing could not make up for the fact that she was as miscast as was Nora Kaye a few years ago in *Jardin aux Lilas*.

Donald Britton has also grown out of the ballet. He was the company's original Country Boy when the work was first revived from the repertory of Peggy Van Praagh's London Ballet in 1947. But his vigorous, brilliant dancing and cheerfully assertive personality struck a discordant note among the gentle voices of Howard, the designer Sophie Fedorovitch and the music of Fauré to which the work is set. Donald MacLeary, as the Husband, apparently had no comprehension of the ballet's meaning, but he partnered well.

At later performances Edward Miller appeared in this part and in a sensitive portrayal restored it to its original importance. Michael Boulton did the same service for the Country Boy, being extremely successful in conveying the character's baffled and bewildered adolescent stirrings.

The poet's bad dream

The other major revival of the season, *Apparitions*, first shown in London on July 4, showed many of the same faults as *La Fête Etrange*. *Apparitions* bears such a preposterous resemblance to a bad ballet that it is easy to forget what quite a good ballet it really is.

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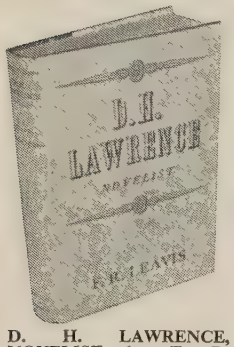

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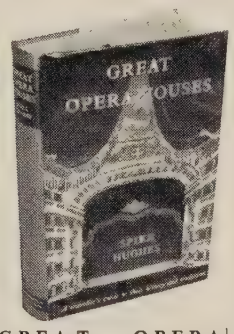

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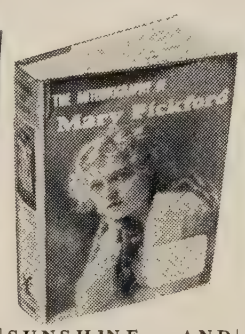

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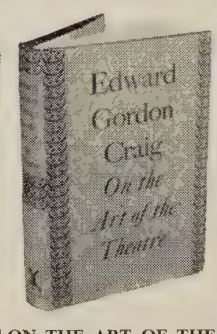

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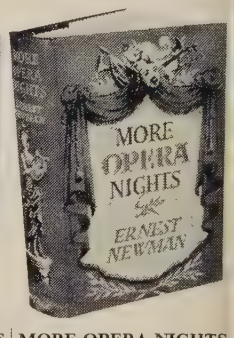

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Lambert's scenario utilises its Romantic clichés with the greatest discretion, and the work has a sincerity generally lacking in ballets of its type. *Apparitions* also possesses a unity of purpose that stems from the originally close collaboration that produced it, but having said that it must be admitted that Ashton's choreography, apart from the Ballroom Scene, does not rank with his best.

The revival was reviewed in detail when the company first produced it on tour, and there is little to add to the comments made then. John Field has not improved as the Poet, and, in fact, seemed stolider than before. One point in his interpretation I missed earlier was that in the Cave Scene when the Beloved takes off her mask, Field looks up imploringly into her face. Now not only does this run contrary to Lambert's scenario—as printed in the programme—but it shows a remarkably profound misconception of both the character and the ballet.

Anne Heaton's Woman in the Ball Dress, although as thoroughly competent as Field's Poet, also seemed to lack the particular qualities the part demands, in her case a thoughtless beauty and dewy radiance.

Once again the second cast appeared to me to be the preferable. Alexander Bennett's Poet was danced and acted with a real flair; indeed it is the most acceptable interpretation since Helpmann's. Margaret Lee had many of the right attributes for the Girl, although she did not dance it so well as Heaton. Boulton and Britton alternated satisfactorily as the Hussar, a part of which even Harold Turner could not make a great deal.

Old classic as novelty

The other "novelty" of the season was the company's first London appearance in *Giselle*. Peter Rice's innocuous scenery and quaint costumes have already been drubbed in these pages, and there is no point in flogging horses so obviously dead.

The production, which is neither better nor worse than most, had its London première on July 8, when the performance was dominated by the excellence of Anne Heaton and Miro Zolan in the principal rôles. Heaton's Giselle has grown in stature from the initial promise it showed in her Covent Garden days, and her fine, stylish dancing in the second act was particularly commendable. The promise of her early career, sometimes overclouded at Covent Garden, has here flowered, and it was a pity that, through miscasting, her abilities were sometimes shown to poor advantage.

Zolan's Albrecht gave her fine support both as a dancer and an actor Bennett, the other Albrecht, is now dancing far better than he did in his days with the Ballet Rambert, yet his Albrecht, so well remembered from that time, failed to make the same strong impression. He seemed to lack an individual personality, which in part could have been due to unfamiliarity with his partner, as on tour he has been dancing the rôle with Sara Neil.

At the first performance the peasant *pas de deux* was danced with blithe assurance and some coyness by Doreen Tempest and Donald Britton. The other cast was Patricia Cox, who has overcome her old difficulty in supported turns and found a new *équilibre*, and Michael Boulton. After a splendid first variation, he was far less assured in the second, for which the person responsible for putting the set so far in that the stage was reduced almost to pocket-handkerchief dimensions must share some of the responsibility.

This stage-cramping in *Giselle* also seemed to affect Margaret Lee's Queen of the Wilis, which was nevertheless cleanly danced. Henry Legerton contributed a strong and noble portrait of Hilarion, which was better than even his promising first attempt on tour, as is has now become something personal and is no longer markedly influenced by Leslie Edwards.

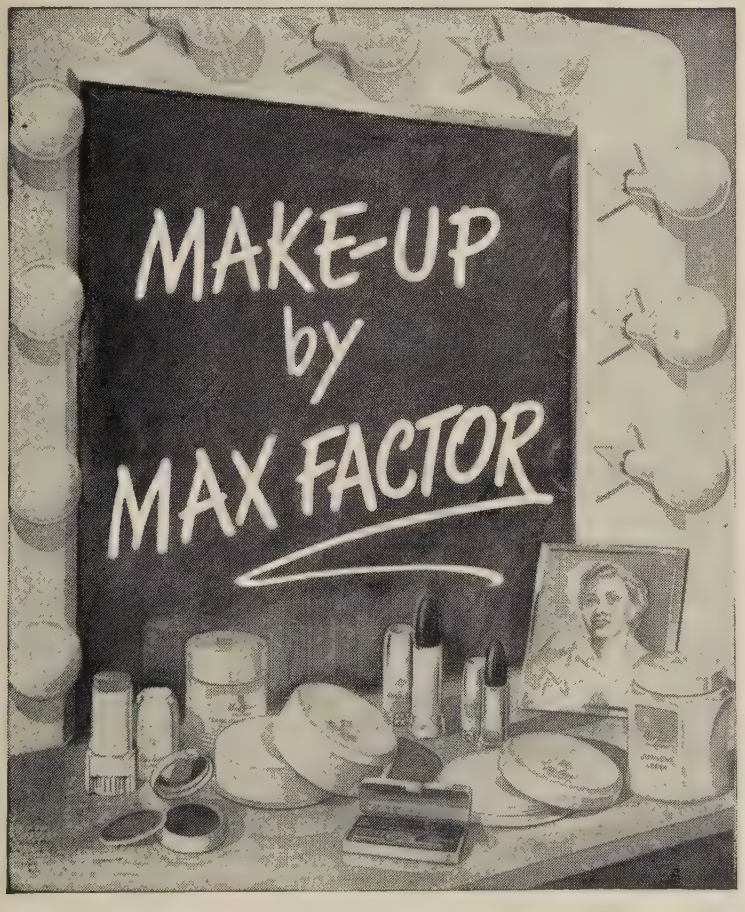
Two casts in the lake

Swan Lake, Act 2, was given with two different casts, the first being Heaton and MacLeary. Heaton's Swan Queen is not the equal of her Giselle chiefly because she has yet to come to terms with the character. She appears to see the ballet too much as an opportunity to display her beautiful line and placing, yet there is little fault to be found with her actual dancing, although perhaps a more generous *développé* would be an advantage.

In a sense it was the same preoccupation with the technique of his performance that detracted from MacLeary's Siegfried. As far as the mechanics of the business go, I honestly cannot think of a better partner in British ballet. He and Heaton can do so many finger-turns that even the audience starts to "spot" for fear of getting dizzy. But despite this formidable skill he gave nothing to the part emotionally and seemed very immature for the rôle. MacLeary has the makings of an important dancer, however he does not seem to be so developed as, say, Blair was at the same age, but then he is not getting the same treatment.

Doreen Tempest, who has now left the company to join her husband Robert Lunnon in America, was the other Odette. As last year, and the year before that, it had flashes of brilliance, but the full potentiality of her dancing continued to elude her. Here was a dancer of great natural talent, who for some reason was never fully awakened. Zolan, easy and assured, partnered well.

Coppélia I put off seeing until after the last performance, so even if the production has now been transfigured I shall never now know.



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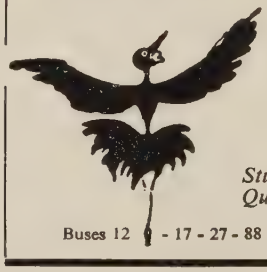

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The only performance of *Les Sylphides* that came my way received some good dancing from Heaton and Bennett, but was otherwise not especially distinguished.

The rake still progresses

The Rake's Progress remains one of the better produced items in the repertory. While neither Britton nor Zolan could be included among the Rake's great interpreters, they both give strong and virile dramatic performances. Britton was perhaps at his best in the gambling house, but took a few liberties with the choreography in the Mad Scene, which was altogether too mad. In a sense this was a performance in the Helpmann/Turner tradition, complete with *Scheherazade* fall, where Zolan's quieter building up to the climax was more in the manner of Gore.

Apart from Heaton's poignant Betrayed Girl and Walter Trevor's demonic Man with the Rope, the performances were also notable for two smaller cameos. David Harding made a splendid Rake's Friend straight out of a Restoration comedy, and was hardly recognisable as the same dancer who drifted a little aimlessly through Benno and Wilfred. The other was Margaret Hill's adorable Ballad Singer, a tiny portrait that had all the life and humanity of Hogarth's portrait of the Fishgirl.

Small ice

Les Patineurs for some reason looked small and cramped in a way it had not previously. Boulton made a powerful and effective Blue Skater. Johaar Mosaval in the same part danced it better than before, but still seemed rather light-weight for the choreography. Patricia Cox, much improved as the "stationary" Blue Girl, was given good support by either Brenda Bolton or Madeleine White.

To judge from the gales of laughter it got at some performances many of the audience were seeing *Façade* for the first time. The company showed a small tendency to broaden the comedy, yet MacLeary and Harding were disjointedly hilarious in the Fox-Trot, and Audrey Farris made a cute Milk-Maid. The Debutantes of Sandra Vane and, especially, Margaret Hill, were good, while the Dagoes of Walter Trevor (Latin-American style, Frank Staff type) and Miro Zolan (Teutonic style, Hans Zullig type) both filled the bill more than comfortably.

If *Façade* had been broadened it is difficult to find a word adequately describing what has happened to *Pineapple Poll*. At some performances this ballet seemed to have been expanded into a practical do-it-yourself class in choreography. To vary movements and gestures before a regular audience is an easy but cheap way to raise a laugh, and to change a comedy into a farce, and a farce into a romp is not the cleverest way of making an audience roll in the aisles.

Britton and Boulton, in their different ways, both danced brilliantly as Belaye, while Patricia Cox was once again a delightful Poll, although in places, like the rest, she fell into temptation and over-played for ham effects.

The only other Cranko piece in the repertory was *Beauty and the Beast*, eloquently given by Cox and Boulton.

Rodrigues and MacMillan

When a ballet is called "good theatre" it can usually be taken as read that it is not a very good ballet. Rodrigues's *Blood Wedding* is undoubtedly good theatre. Yet it has held its place in the repertory for the opportunities it offers its dancers, and will probably long continue to do so. Anne Heaton's Bride had a cold quality, that was almost pathological in its sexuality and far removed from the passionate nature earlier portrayed by Fifield, Lane and Miller. But while Heaton's hunger was convincing, MacLeary seemed a strange choice for the wild Latin lover. His victory in the duel against either of the two vengeful Bridegrooms who were pitted against him (Trevor and Boulton) appeared chancy to say the least.

Finally the repertory was completed by two MacMillan ballets, *House of Birds* and *Solitaire*. Michael Boulton and Brenda Bolton as the Lovers in *House of Birds* were not entirely successful in capturing the right air of free innocence, and the ballet as a whole had lost in effectiveness. Britton, at a subsequent performance, brought an exciting urgency to the scene in the Bird-Woman's House, but he too missed the childlike quality of the first scene.

Solitaire still had Margaret Hill playing her "game for one" and remained a uniquely satisfying ballet. Brenda Bolton who took over Sara Neil's rôle was unable to make much out of it. However, when Hill left mid-season to join the Covent Garden company, she seemed more happily cast in the central part, and Audrey Farris scored a distinct success in the Polka. Farris, who has come to the company via International Ballet and musicals, is definitely a dancer worth watching. The male parts were, as usual, successfully taken by Donald Britton (and, on occasion, Walter Trevor), Michael Boulton and Donald MacLeary.

Clive Barnes

High Drama in French Ballet

continued from page eighteen

thing is very taut and stripped of any inessential choreographic padding. When he has a story to tell, as he has in this case, or when he has a mood to evoke, as he has to in *L'Etranger*, he tells it or evokes it directly and in the most dramatic way possible to the choreographic art.

In the early years of this century, big, lush and highly-coloured dramatic works were all the rage—no programme was complete without at least one of them. Years pass and the tragedies of yesterday become amusing curiosities. Tragedy, oddly enough, dates far quicker than comedy. Today's audience is seldom moved by tragedy unless it can in some way associate itself with the tragedy in question. This is where Béjart's works are playing an important part in the contemporary repertoire They are very much of today and their impact is violent—much more like Elizabethan melodrama than the subtle quiet tragedy of an Ibsen play or a Tudor ballet. There is not the slightest doubt that the audience comes away from the theatre feeling it has undergone an experience much in the same way that pre-World War I audiences must have felt after their first viewing of *Scheherazade*.

The work of Béjart may be Paris's most important contribution to the art of choreography of our time.

FESTIVAL BALLET AT FESTIVAL HALL

Opening programme nerves

FIRST nights, like first loves, should be banned by law, for they are both so apt to be misleading. The first night atmosphere is false on either side of the curtain, and the resulting performance often bears little relationship to the company's capabilities.

Festival Ballet, hot-foot from their latest European successes, opened at the Festival Hall on July 9 with a languid performance of *Swan Lake*, Act 2. Belinda Wright was far too consciously intent for Odette, and the feeling and quality of her dancing did not win forgiveness for all her mannerisms. Just before the *adage*, for instance, she interpolated what looked for all the world like a quotation from *The Dying Swan*.

John Gilpin partnered her with lordly disdain and aristocratic disinterest. Here was a true-blue English reading of Prince Siegfried; even when passing through the supreme emotional experience of his life his composure was barely disturbed by the merest flicker of an eye-lid.

Graduation Ball, which was also better at subsequent performances than at this première, is discussed elsewhere, but all disappointment was brushed away when the company gave as their final ballet, Harald Lander's *Etudes*.

Lander ballet still overwhelms

I shall never really know whether *Etudes* is a good ballet, though I have a sneaking suspicion that it is not, but like Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* it overwhelms me. There is so much of it, and, despite the continual aural affront of the atrocious Danish orchestration of Czerny's tritely attractive music, when that much is given the polish and vigour of this present performance, I can only sit back and gloat blissfully.

First there was Toni Lander, Denmark's 20th-century Lucile Grahn. To watch her spin is like listening to the music of the spheres. Each season she seems to add to her prowess. At this performance, for example, I noticed that she was doing a series of single *fouettés* without putting her heel down on each turn. Yet it is not her technique that sticks in the memory, but her smile.

Gilpin her rival and peer, also compels one to forget his technique as the easy precision of his dancing, with its apparent economy of effort, takes on the aspect of an abstract pattern of perfection.

Now these two have been joined, or at least nearly joined, by Flemming Flindt, whose improved dancing at this performance took on something of the inexorable quality that has for some time distinguished his two partners in this ballet.

Yet, without forgetting the principals, *Etudes* remains in the final analysis a company ballet, and the company dance it better than anyone would have imagined when it was first produced two years ago.

A programme later in the week found *Etudes* in possibly even finer shape, while the *corps de ballet* showed up to better advantage in both *Swan Lake* and *Graduation Ball*. Margit Muller, the refugee dancer from the Budapest Opera, has lost a lot of weight since she first danced with the company at the beginning of the year. Her Odette has improved accordingly, and she undoubtedly has the Slav feeling for dancing. Yet for a ballerina she still has a lot to learn, including the control of her long undulating arms, which properly used are potentially an asset. Jean-Pierre Alban partnered discreetly, but his stage presence does not yet impress.

Sylphides in the clinic

The revival of *Les Sylphides* on July 18 was remarkably successful in conveying Fokine's dance style. I say remarkable because the clinical atmosphere of the Festival Hall, and the narrowness of the stage, are not sympathetic, and to add to those unavoidable disadvantages the company contributed one of its own by bad lighting. Yet Flemming Flindt, Marilyn Burn, Anita Landa and Janet Overton, and the *corps* worked their minor miracle and, although not one of the principals was really outstanding, the ballet came alive.

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The same programme saw the revival of Michael Charnley's *Symphony for Fun*. This is a ballet as easily underrated as it is overrated. While too many give it credit for an originality it does not possess (it is no *Interplay*!) the choreography has a spontaneous flow that Charnley has yet to equal. And—perhaps this is in the performance—underneath its American accent is an endearing hint of the Charing Cross Road, so it is peculiarly English like those American-style cockney crooners or drape-suits from Stepney.

The performance the ballet receives is as typical of the company as that of *Etudes*. From Gilpin, as calm as a cucumber and as cool as a cat, and from all the other dancers it gets an engaging freshness that belies the number of times they must have danced it.

Clive Barnes

SIGURD LEEDER STUDIO GROUP

10th Anniversary Festival Programme

WITH the sole exception of Sigurd Leeder, modern dance has been badly served in this country, and to anyone who has been so put off modern dance after seeing what usually goes under that name that they have refused to see his company too, a performance at his studio will be a revelation. His is the only group which possesses dancers with a sound technique, and although the group is not without its minor defects, it is the only one which has a fully professional standard of production.

The recent season celebrated Leeder's first decade as a teacher here, and while this period is not long enough to enable him to produce sensational results—he has not transformed the face of English dance, or even attempted to—his achievements are, nevertheless, considerable. His company of dancers in these performances supplied concrete evidence of the excellence of his teaching.

At the moment talent is thinner than ever on the male side and stronger, it seems, than usual on the female side. Two of the group dances, *Villanella* and *Bolero* were so effective that they confirmed my previous impression that the programmes selected are too overweighted in favour of solo items. Nevertheless, two of the solos were exceptionally good: Ludmila Mlada's *Figura Tragica* and Janice Ingles's *Sirène*. The latter is fascinating for its muscular control and beautiful in effect; it can almost be described as a female counterpart to Jean Cebron's *Aquatic Vision*.

And when one adds up the innumerable stage crimes that have been committed to Ravel's *Bolero*, and considers that many of the composer's most dedicated admirers are unsure of what their attitude to this piece of music should be, Leeder's sophisticated and tasteful use of it in a ballet for six girls was strikingly and surprisingly effective. The costumes are Spanish and the choreography conveys an impression of Spanish style without attempting to use authentic steps. It is notable for its combination of sensuous beauty and classical economy of movement. The work is now seven years old, and it is to be hoped that it can be seen by a still wider public.

Ludmila Mlada and Colin Paterick opened the programme with an attractive suite of period dances to music of William Byrd, as interpreted by Leeder from Feuillet manuscripts. Paterick's dancing and sense of style were admirable, but his make-up was far too heavy for so intimate a stage. The same dancers also revived their very original *Tango* (Weill) with considerable success. Of the other dancers, Simone Michelle's work was of a very high standard, particularly her expressive solo dancing in *Villanella*, while Ruth-Eva Olschowsky, Eileen Cropley, Joan Cox and Anne Oste all show exceptional promise. **E. C. Mason**

THE SCHOOL OF RUSSIAN BALLET

A recital given at the Toynbee Hall Theatre on July 6.

THERE has been the usual epidemic of school recitals during the past month. The virtues present in this performance were, perhaps, too unspectacular to gain the Russian praise from those of its larger rivals who turn their annual displays into extravaganzas, cluttering up the stages of suburban halls with dozens of eight-year-old bluebell fairies, pixies, mice, rabbits, birds, bears and the like.

At this recital, on the other hand, good taste was prominent. Most of the dances were completely abstract and all attention was focused on the dance itself. Although John Gregory and Barbara Vernon possess many talented pupils, they have sensibly avoided preparing choreography which is beyond their technical powers and, in many instances, the dances were obviously arranged to display the special qualities of particular pupils.

The programme was in three sections: classical ballet; a short ballet, *The Ropemaker*, for the more advanced students, but with a plot rather difficult to unravel; and some most effective character dancing.

Of the dancers, Alan Cunliffe shows considerable promise as a classical dancer. He has good attack, presentation and line, although (surprising in this school!) his arm movements lack breadth. Wim Vreeken, obviously more suited to character dancing, has good elevation and an unusually robust style.

All the more advanced students show extremely good *port de bras*, *épaulement* and line. One of the most impressive is Jenny Steward, who, in addition to possessing a very fresh and natural personality, has already a

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strong technique. Ina Alexa is a most musical and versatile dancer, with a mature style and attack, and so very unlike our typical advanced pupils. Janet Wylde, Karen Lewis and Laila Buskopp also gave very good performances when one takes into account their extreme youth. **E. C. Mason**

R.A.D. PRODUCTION CLUB

Theory and Practice of Ballet Production

A demonstration of choreographic studies by Andrée Howard and John Cranko, and studies arranged by student members of the R.A.D. Production Club. Given at the Royal Ballet School on July 11.

ONE aspect of the work of the R.A.D. which can give it good cause to snap its fingers at its critics are the achievements of its Production Club.

Most satisfactory were the studies which Cranko and Andrée Howard had arranged to assist members build up a working knowledge of the component parts of a ballet. useful either to performers or potential choreographers.

Less exciting were the brief works which the members themselves had arranged.

Actually the most ambitious work—Linda Stearns's *Allegro Non Troppo* to part of the Brahms Fourth Symphony—was surprisingly the most effective. It was presented by students of the Phyllis Bedells School, and embellished by a very talented and confident soloist. **E. C. Mason**

STEPS OF THE DANCE

Continued from page 28

Rond de jambe en dehors with *relevé* closing fifth position back. Counts and 4.
Repeat on other side.

(*b*) 4 *ronds de jambes en dehors en promenade.* Counts and 4,
Plié Pas de bourrée under. Counts and 1, and 2,
Rond de jambe en dedans. Counts and 3, Close fifth position in front. Counts and 4.
Repeat on other side.

(*c*) *Rond de jambe en dehors.* Counts and 1, Close working leg *cou de pied* behind, *plié.* Counts and 2,
Renversé en dedans with *relevé.* Counts and 1,
Tombé fourth position front *en croisé.* Count and 2.
Pas de Bourrée en tournant en dehors. Counts and 3.
Repeat on other side.

(*d*) *Rond de jambe en dehors.* Counts and 1, Close fifth position behind. Counts and 2,
Changement. Counts and 3,
Rond de jambe sauté en dehors. Counts and 1,
Piqué en attitude en croisé. Counts and 2,
Plié, pas de bourrée under. Counts and 3, and 4.
Repeat on other side.

COVER STORIES

This month's front cover, by Serge Lido, is of Nina Vyroubova as the Emperor's Favourite, Yang-Kuei-Fei, in Ana Ricarda's *La Chanson de L'Eternelle Tristesse* (The Song of Eternal Sorrow) for the Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas. This ballet was specially created for this year's Edinburgh Festival.

NINA VYROUBOVA is a Russian dancer who has been trained in Paris. She became a member of Les Ballets des Champs-Elysées and created the title rôle in the version of *La Sylphide* given by that company. Her beautiful and sensitive interpretation brought her instant international fame. Later she joined Roland Petit's Ballets de Paris for its first seasons and danced mainly classical rôles.

In 1949 she was engaged as *etoile* at the Paris Opera to fill the gap left by Yvette Chauviré. She came under the influence of Serge Lifar and developed along the lines of his neo-classic style. She soon started to take over all the principal rôles in *Les Mirages, Blanche-Neige, Phedre* and *L'Oiseau de Feu.* Her interpretation of the title rôle of *Giselle* was particularly memorable.

After a dispute in 1955 she left the Opéra. Since then she has given concert performances and appeared as guest ballerina. This spring she made several appearances with John Taras's Les Ballets de Pâques in Monte Carlo and later she created the title rôle in Lifar's *Hamlet* in Enghien. In June of this year she joined the Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas and repeated her success in *Giselle* in Paris and created the principal rôle in Ana Ricarda's Chinese ballet which is the principal ballet creation for the Edinburgh Festival.

Ballet Dates

THE ROYAL BALLET
at Covent Garden

Aug.
20 *The Shadow, Symphonic Variations, Job*
21 *The Shadow, Symphonic Variations, Job*
22 *Ballet Imperial, Rinaldo and Armida, Checkmate*
23 *Les Sylphides, Checkmate, Ballet Imperial*
24 (M) *The Shadow, La Péri, The Lady and the Fool*
24 (E) *The Shadow, La Péri, The Lady and the Fool*
27 *Ballet Imperial, Symphonic Variations, Checkmate*
28 *Les Sylphides, La Péri, Checkmate*
29 *The Shadow, Giselle* (Nerina, Blair)
30 *The Lady and the Fool, Giselle* (Fonteyn, Somes)
31 (M) *Les Sylphides, Rinaldo and Armida, Ballet Imperial*
31 (E) *Les Sylphides, Rinaldo and Armida, Ballet Imperial*

FESTIVAL BALLET
at the Royal Festival Hall

Aug.
20, 21 *Coppélia*
22-27 *Petrouchka, Pas de Quatre, Harlequinade, Symphony for Fun*
28-30 *Coppélia*
31 *Giselle, Graduation Ball*
Sept.
2-4 *Petrouchka, Harlequinade, Graduation Ball*
5 8th Anniversary Gala—*Symphony for Fun Concerto* (cello movement), *Anabel Lee* (Tallchief and Skibine), *Variations for Four* (creation), *Graduation Ball*
6, 7 *Swan Lake* Act II, *Concerti, Graduation Ball*
End of season. Provincial tour starts Oct. 7

THE ROYAL BALLET
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Sept.
9 Streatham Hill Theatre, London
16 The Hippodrome, Golder's Green
23 The New Theatre, Cardiff
30 The Hippodrome, Bristol
Oct.
7 The New Theatre, Oxford
14 The Opera House Manchester
21 The Kings Theatre, Edinburgh
28 His Majesty's, Aberdeen
Nov.
4 The Kings Theatre, Glasgow
11 The Grand Theatre Leeds
18 The Lyceum, Sheffield
25 New Theatre, Hull
Dec.
26 The Royal Opera House, Covent Garden (performances on Jan. 1, 2, 4, 10, 11, 16, 18)

JOSE LIMON DANCE COMPANY
at Sadler's Wells Theatre

Sept. Variations and conclusion from *New*
2, 3 *Dance, Ritmo Jondo, There is a time, The Moor's Pavane, La Malinche, Night Spell. Satyros. Emperor Jones*
6, 7 *The Exiles* (creation), *Concertino in A Major, The Traitor*
9, 10 *Concerto Grosso, Day on Earth, Ruins and Visions*
11 (M) Variations and conclusion from *New Dance, Ritmo Jondo, There is a Time, The Moor's Pavane*
11 (E) *La Malinche, Night Spell, Satyros, Emperor Jones*
12 *The Exiles, Concertino in A Major, The Traitors*
13 Programme to be announced
14 (M & E) Variations and conclusion from *New Dance, Ritmo Jondo, There is a Time, The Moor's Pavane*

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at Sadler's Wells Theatre
August 20 to 31

THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL
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SWEDISH ROYAL BALLET

Aug.
19, 20 *The Prodigal Son, Giselle*
21 (M) *Giselle, Gaieté Parisienne*
21 (E) *The Prodigal Son, Giselle*
22, 23 *Cupid out of his Humour, Sisyphus, Miss Julie*
24 (M) *Cupid out of his Humour, Sisyphus, Miss Julie*
24 (E) *Miss Julie, Sisyphus, Gaieté Parisienne*

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Sept.
2-4 *Les Sylphides, La Femme Muette, Le Cygne Noir, Petrouchka*
5-7 *Concerto Barocco, Song of Unending Sorrow* (creation), *Spectre de la Rose, Tertullia*

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THE THIRD FESTIVAL OF NERVI: pictures and opinion of *Pas de Quatre* with MARKOVA, CHAUVIRE, SCHANNE, FRACCI and performances by LUSILLO'S SPANISH DANCE THEATRE and the PARIS OPÉRA BALLET.

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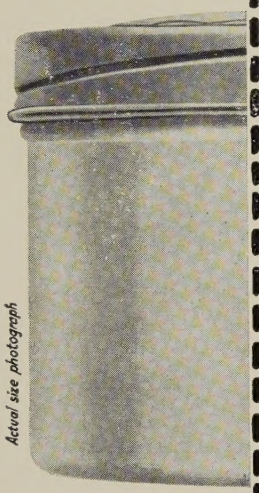

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